

THE CRITIC

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, AND THE DRAMA;

A GUIDE FOR THE LIBRARY AND BOOK-CLUB.

VOL. I. No. 10.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1844.

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it to us, with the MS. (or such portions as
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which we may select the extracts for our
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it is, that the public has almost ceased to place
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less inclined to give credit to it than those who
are behind the scenes and behold the machi-
nery by which the great mass of it is regu-
lated.

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in any manner, nor is there, nor shall there be,
any influence exercised over it from any
quarter. Its notices are written with no other
regard than the merit or demerit of the work
examined; and therefore, so far as honesty of
opinion is concerned, it may be implicitly
trusted.

It is true that there are two publications that
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books, &c. and extracts from them, as will
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their subjects and manner before he buys. It
classifies its reviews under distinct headings,
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ence; and, altogether, it will be found a very
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as they may deem it to deserve.

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*Historical Memoir of a Mission to the Court of
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Sir ROBERT ADAIR, G.C.B. *With a Selec-
tion from his Despatches.* London, 1844.
Longman and Co.

SIR ROBERT ADAIR has done good service to
his country by the publication of this Memoir.
Hitherto the French diplomatists have con-
trived, by dint of audacity, to fill the ear of
Europe with assertions, which have become
almost convictions, that in the negotiations with
Napoleon England was acting with insincerity,
and this charge has been equally brought

against both the great statesmen, Pitt and Fox,
by whom those negotiations were conducted.
Other than systematic misrepresentation could
scarcely have been expected from a writer such
as M. BIGNON, tempted by the will of Napo-
leon with a handsome legacy purposely to pre-
pare a history of the diplomacy of the time;
and assuredly had the ex-emperor dictated his
own account of the transactions, as he desired
they should appear to posterity, he could not
have produced a more one-sided chronicle than
his scribe BIGNON has done for him.

SIR ROBERT ADAIR's memoir is chiefly
valuable for this: that it is a collection of plain
unvarnished facts. His personal observation
was extensive, and he records it faithfully; and
for all that he did not himself see and do, he
produces unanswerable evidence in the shape
of despatches, documents, correspondence, &c.
which prove his case without the aid of any
eloquence of his own.

He states that his purpose is to vindicate
Fox from the charges of Bignon; to shew "the
direct reverse of M. Bignon's conclusions on
all the material points on which he reasons;
and to prove, not only that it is not true that
the death of Mr. Fox occasioned the rupture
of the negotiation, by its having fallen into
other hands; but that, long before that event,
and even before the mission of Lord Lauder-
dale, Mr. Fox had attained the moral convic-
tion that peace with Napoleon was at that time
hopeless; and that, whether sincere or not in
the first offer, it had been rendered hopeless by
Napoleon himself." This he amply confirms
by documents, about which no question can
arise.

The perusal of these volumes has forcibly
impressed us with the utter inability of the
French to understand English politics. To
this day they labour under the same error of
mistaking our party squabbles for symptoms
of national divisions. They seem to suppose,
that because we wage fierce party war among
ourselves, we must necessarily on one side or
the other be anti-national; they cannot com-
prehend the feeling that makes us, amid our
widest differences at home, invariably unite
against foes abroad, nor that, though our
foreign policy is made the topic of fierce party
debate in Parliament, it preserves in the main
the same features whatever the faction in
power. An Englishman may be a Tory, a Whig,
a Radical, a Monarchist, or a Republican; a
Protestant, a Catholic, or a Puseyite; but he
never ceases to be an Englishman. If foreign
writers would use this key to our character,
they would not fall into the strange blunders
they invariably commit when commenting on
English politics.

We are not about to weary our readers with
an analysis of the contents of these volumes,
which are rather materials for the historian
than history, nor shall we attempt to follow
Sir ROBERT ADAIR in his narratives or in
his arguments. We could not, however, omit
to record the publication of so valuable a work
as one of the literary events of the day, and to
recommend it to those who are making a study
of that portion of our history, and certainly it
should have a place in every public library.
The correspondence and the appendix are
curious, and from this we take one remarkable
passage, an almost prophetic opinion by Lord
Hutchinson, given in 1807, of the

RESULT OF A WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

"I do not at all say that he may not be baffled in
his designs against Poland, provided the Russian
army is conducted with any ability. The seasons and
the nature of the country may throw obstacles insur-
mountable in his way, and set limits to his ambition.
As a military man, I am very much inclined to be-
lieve that France will never succeed against Russia
in a contest on Russian ground, always with a pro-
viso that the Russian generals are not blunderers,
and have sense enough to avoid great general actions.
At the same time that I make this acknowledgment
in favour of Russia, I am convinced that in countries
abounding in provisions with great chaussées and
towns, the French have a real superiority over them."

The Life
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BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Literary Remains of Charles Reece Pemberton: with Remarks on his Character and Genius. By W. J. Fox. Edited by JOHN FOWLER, Secretary to the Sheffield Mechanics' Institution. London, 1844. Fox.

CHARLES PEMBERTON was not a great man or a rich man; he could not boast a line of famous ancestors; he was not the lion of the salons, the pet of the newspapers, the guest of the noble. His very name is known but to few, and of all whom may read the title of this review, how many will there be who will recognize a familiar sound or feel an immediate interest in the biography of one so obscure as the hero of these pages?

Nevertheless there are some to whom the name of CHARLES PEMBERTON will recall the image of one of Nature's truest gentlemen; of a MAN in the proudest meaning of the word, accomplished in mind, pleasing in manner, amiable in disposition, with a right honest open heart, that wrote itself ever upon the face, with a tongue whose rare eloquence was never employed for unworthy ends: a being of active charities and purest sentiments shaping themselves into generous deeds. His friends, and they were many, for he could keep as well as win them, remember him as a practical philanthropist, and cherish the recollection of the warmest-hearted creature that ever cheered their journey through the cold, calculating highway of the world.

And some of those who had not the happiness of his personal acquaintance may, perhaps, unconsciously, have held intercourse with him in by-gone years, for he was a frequent contributor to the magazines, and his articles were renowned in their day for the originality of thought with which they were pregnant; and who can say how many of the actors upon the stage of life at this time are indebted for the first stirrings of their young minds to the eloquent teachings of CHARLES PEMBERTON?

At once let us inform the reader that he was a peasant's son, and never rose to be higher in social rank than an actor and an itinerant lecturer. In charity we make this proclamation at the outset, that if there be among our readers any of the vulgar great, who affect to despise the great low-born, they may turn up their noses and forthwith pass on to a more congenial theme. We ask and hope for the sympathies of those only who think that MAN is a nobler title than any kings can give, and that to be a nobleman by nature's patent is more honourable than to be noble by accident of birth, "the tenth transmitter of a foolish race."

CHARLES PEMBERTON was born somewhere in Wales, the very name of the locality is forgotten, but he tells us what sort of a place it was.

"I was born within some hundred yards of the termination of a wooded hill, the slope of which abruptly closed in the precipitous banks of a rugged and roaring stream, well characterized by its name, which, in the language of the country, is Stone, or Rock breaker. Perhaps I imbibed the froth and impetuosity of my character from a sympathy with that stream. There stood, and yet stands—but oh! how changed!—a little white-washed cottage, trellised with honeysuckles and roses; the perfume from which, even across this gulf of time and distance, I can inhale in imagination. A small garden, the ground of which was stolen from the domains of the woody hill, looked laughingly down on the cottage, and was circumscribed by a wall of rough, unhewn fragments from the neighbouring rocks. This wall was my father's handiwork: for a gate, a gap had been left in the building, which was reached by ascending three larger fragments embedded—mud, I suppose, was the cement used—in the lower part of the wall,—three jutting stones."

He had a father, and it is to be presumed a grandfather and other ancestors, but they were nobodies. He had a mother too, and she came of Welsh blood, and boasted of her descent

from a royal stock: but she had a better claim to love and respect than aught that came to her by inheritance. She was a true woman! He relates of her

"There had been princes in her family,' so there had been; and one of their descendants was then skimming a pot of mutton broth, or darning my father's hose. Into the patrimonial acres (into her share of them at least), a claw which never relaxes its grasp, had been digged—Law! law! law! The right was clearly hers, she gained the victory, and it is superfluous to tell the reader what became of the acres. She preyed on the loss—on such food, how could she live? But she was not a creature of sadness; she used to laugh, and laugh well; and such a laugh! so clear and keen—no, not keen, that is sharp-edged: you could not hear a jar upon her laugh so harsh as a gossamer thread. It was a succession of beads of sound leaping up from her larynx; diminishing, and diminishing (these words are too long) to an invisible point, and all, to the perceptible last, so clear! You have heard a smooth pebble as it danced along the glaze ice? I never heard such a laugh but once since. A few weeks ago, I was walking in Piccadilly, at one o'clock in the morning, that is to say, in the west-end vocabulary, evening—to prevent mistakes, I mean it was one hour past midnight. I heard such a laugh (on the opposite side of the way, note ye) from one of the merry miseries who parade London streets at that hour, perhaps shelterless. It was my mother's laugh! and she had been dead thirty-five years. She died young—in her youth."

From such a mother it was that, according to the recognized law of the animal economy, CHARLES derived the most pleasing features of his character. His childhood was passed amid the scenes he has described so graphically, and thence he was torn young and transmitted to a Birmingham school of no great pretension, where he was subjected to the usual routine of reading, writing, and arithmetic, with grammar and the use of the globes for an additional fee, the latter not being deemed an essential part of education, but rather in the nature of an accomplishment. In due time he was bound 'prentice to his uncle, a Birmingham brass-founder. But the boy's tastes were cast in another mould. He had no genius for working in brass; he felt that it was not his vocation; his tasks soon became irksome, then intolerable. At seventeen he fairly took to his heels, achieving his own emancipation from toil that to him was slavery. He made the best of his way to Liverpool; there he fell into the hands of a press-gang, one of those barbarisms which now we find it difficult to believe could ever have existed in a country calling itself free; although this worse than despotism was excused on the pretence that only merchant sailors were captured, the fact was, that any man, poor and defenceless, was pounced upon by these legalized man-stealers. Pemberton, though he had never been at sea, was seized, dragged to a ship, and for seven years kept there—a slave! When he obtained his release, after having wandered over the greater portion of the globe, and adventured that which, if he had recorded, would have made one of the most amusing narratives ever published, he rested for awhile in the West Indies, where he turned his talents as an actor to good account, and had even become the manager of some estates. But it was his fortune or his disposition to be restless and changeable. After an absence of twenty years, he returned to England and forthwith set up as a lecturer, an employment which exactly suited his tastes. Wherever he went he found admirers and made friends. Sometimes he read, sometimes he recited, sometimes he lectured, always to enthusiastic audiences, and upon occasions, chiefly for purposes of charity, he would yield to the requests of his admirers, and appear upon the stage in country towns. It was on one of these nights, at the Hereford theatre, that he was accidentally seen by Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, who instantly recognized the genius of the actor, was introduced to him, and thenceforward became his friend and patron. Through his good offices, Pemberton obtained from Charles Kemble an offer

of a trial upon the London boards. His appearance was not successful, although the opinions both of the press and the public were singularly contradictory. But he was not of a nature to endure even a questioning of his powers, much less to undergo the long probation of industrious toil through which alone can ultimate triumph in so difficult a profession be achieved.

He returned to the country, and to his lecturings, which, if they tempted his ambitionless, afforded him more unalloyed satisfaction; for the applause there was always heartfelt, and unmingled with the hisses of jealous rivalry, or the affected conceits of ignorant critics, who think that censure shews more discernment than praise. He delighted especially in contributing by his peculiar talents to the rational enjoyments of the Mechanics' Institutes, then springing up in every town. One of his most successful endeavours in this direction was that which he termed *Social Readings*, and which may be worthily imitated in families. They are thus described:—

"He occasionally gave lectures on Social Reading, which, in places where he was known, were very attractive. It is scarcely possible to conceive of a more pleasant mode of spending an evening than was experienced by those who enjoyed these rare opportunities. Surrounded by several hundreds of intelligent individuals, he would sit in the midst; and, after briefly speaking of the advantages to be derived from reading aloud in social parties, then proceed to read from a book a tale or essay on some subject of general interest. The authors, from whose works he usually made selections, are those who, to grace and freedom of expression, unite sentiments to which humanity instinctively responds. Whether he read for a long or a short time, his hearers never tired: the ease, elegance, and efficiency of his style completely captivated them. It was delightful to see the care-worn faces in his audience gradually assume aspects of happiness. . . . His taste and skill were perhaps seldom shewn to greater advantage than in the manner in which he modulated his voice in these illustrations of Social Reading. If, for instance, he was reading a tale, he did not act, nor narrate it; he simply read it; and yet with every change of scene or circumstance his voice rose or fell, softened or swelled, as the occasion required."

"The peculiarities of some of the British Poets were frequently examined and illustrated by Pemberton. . . . To many he was the first herald of the sweet influences of poetry. Byron, Elliott, Coleridge, Hemans, and others, living and dead, who stir the blood, quicken the affections, or expand the intellect by their 'might of mind,' had in him a worthy expositor."

But though an itinerant lecturer, he was no quack; he asked only "a bare subsistence." That obtained, he cared for nothing more, and was ever ready to give his services in the cause of charity or the social and intellectual improvement of the people, of which he was an earnest advocate. The biographer tells us of his doings in this way.

"The funds of many Mechanics' Institutions were materially augmented by the attractions of his lectures; and wherever the poverty of a Society stood in the way of his engagement, he was usually (perhaps invariably) willing to accommodate his terms to the circumstances of the case. At Birmingham he was very popular, and attracted as crowded audiences as ever assembled in that town. In 1834, he visited Sheffield for the first time. After the delivery of a course of lectures to the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, he was engaged by the Committee of the Mechanics' Institution; and from that time he was an established favourite in the town. He lectured again to the Sheffield Mechanics' Institution in the spring of 1835, and delivered a subscription course on Shakspeare's Characters in that town towards the end of the same year. In 1836, he performed Macbeth and Shylock at the Birmingham theatre, for the benefit of the Birmingham Mechanics' Institution, and on both occasions that large theatre was filled to overflowing."

While engaged in these agreeable duties he contracted a friendship for EBENEZER ELLIOTT, with whose feelings he thoroughly sympathized; both being intense haters of oppression, in every shape and under every name, and ardent lovers of free institutions.

But, in the midst of these occupations, his health began to fail. His friends saw with anxiety the brightened eye, the flushed cheek,

the waning form, that told of incipient consumption. They subscribed a sum, and sent him to the south of Europe, hoping yet to save a life that was so dear to them. He remained there for some months, and partially recovered; but the change was more mental than bodily; his spirits had revived, and he mistook a gladder heart for stronger limbs. He returned home, but how changed! His friends scarcely knew his altered face; they saw that the promised improvement was deceitful, and again they liberally subscribed and insisted upon his visiting Egypt. It was with reluctance that he complied with their urgent request. His letters during this excursion form a beautiful portion of this volume, from which we would gladly have taken many extracts, did our space permit; as it is, we can only recommend our readers to procure and peruse the entire series. After some months of absence, feeling that all hope was gone, that death could not much longer be cheated of his victim, eagerly desiring to die at home, he returned to his native land; and they who had so loved him had the consolation of bidding him adieu. He died "serenely and happily," at the house of his brother, in Birmingham, in the beginning of the year 1840, and the members of the Mechanics' Institution followed him to his grave, in the cemetery there, and erected over it a simple monument, to which Mr. Fox supplied an appropriate epitaph.

We have omitted to state, that he was the author of a series of papers in the *Monthly Repository*, which, under the title of the *Autobiography of Pel. Verjuice*, attracted considerable attention at the time of publication, and which, it now appears, was, in the main, a sketch of his own varied life.

Such is a rude outline of the career of CHARLES PEMBERTON, which, if not so remarkable as many of the biographies it has been our duty to submit to the readers of THE CRITIC, has sufficient interest to reward perusal; and we will appropriately conclude this brief notice with the affecting stanzas which his death produced from the vigorous pen of his friend EBENEZER ELLIOTT:—

"POOR CHARLES.

"Shunn'd by the rich, the vain, the dull,
Truth's all-forgiving son,
The gentlest of the beautiful
His painful course hath run;
Content to live, to die resign'd
In meekness, proud of wishes kind,
And duties nobly done.

A god-like child hath left the earth;
In heav'n a child is born:
Cold world! thou could'st not know his worth,
And well he earned thy scorn;
For he believed that all may be,
What martyrs are in spite of thee—
Nor wear thy crown of thorn:
Smiling he wreathed it round his brain,
And dared what martyrs dare;
For God, who wastes no joy nor pain,
Had 'arm'd his soul to bear:
But vain his hope to find below,
That peace which Heav'n alone can know:
He died—to seek it there."

PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophical Theories and Experience, by a Pariah. A Brief View of Greek Philosophy up to the Age of Pericles; being Nos. 1 & 5 of Small Books on Great Subjects. Edited by a few WELL-WISHERS TO KNOWLEDGE. 1841-4. Pickering.

We gladly avail ourselves of the publication of another number of this unpretending but valuable series to notice those which appeared before the existence of this journal. Even without this justification for travelling so far back and turning a deaf ear to the throng of candidates for our approbation, the nature and character of these "Small Books" would protect us from the censure of a single reader. They are not light bubbles, thrown off in haste, whose gay colours attract a short-lived admiration and then vanish into empty air, nor ephemeral works, valuable only as the forerunners of more substantial and well-considered pro-

ductions, but they treat of subjects which are as enduring as the race of man, and upon which what is once well and truly said can never lose its beauty or application. The questions which—arising from the instinctive yearnings of the soul for truth and immortality—have presented themselves to man in various forms in different ages, and to the solution of which all systems of religion and philosophy are directed, are resolved by the author of "Philosophical Theories" into these three:—

"1. What is the nature of the power exterior to ourselves?

"2. What is the nature of the power within ourselves?

"3. What, with reference to these two, is the nature of the good which man ought to propose to himself as his aim and object?"

To give answers to these respective questions is the object of theology, psychology, and religion, which last, for the sake of avoiding any approach to narrow controversialism, our author treats of as "Practical Results" from the two former.

The spirit with which he undertook this work cannot be more aptly shewn than by the following extract from the Introduction:—

The author "has no pretensions to academical honors, lectures to no institution, is no hereditary legislator, no limb of representative wisdom; but he has known poverty, sickness, and sorrow; he has bent over the graves of those he loved, and turned again to life to struggle for his own existence, and in this rude school he has learned a lesson which, perhaps, may be not unuseful to his fellow-creatures; he has learned that happiness may be attained under circumstances which seem to forbid it; wrongs borne patiently without losing dignity; privations endured with a gay heart. The philosophy which has done this has made its last and best step,—it has become practical. It is no longer the barren speculation of the metaphysician, or the idle logic of the schools, but healthy intellectual science, grounded on the great facts of human nature, and available in all the circumstances of our varied existence.

"There was a time too (how much of late has sunk in the troubled ocean of human affairs even in the space of one not very long life!) there was a time when intellectual science under the name of metaphysics, was the mark for every witling to try his young jests on, sure of a favorable reception from the great body of his hearers. It is one of the singular facts of our social state, that there are always some few things which no one who pretends to enter good society ought to know; and if all these 'pet ignorances' had had their tombstones erected, and epitaphs duly written by their admirers, it would be hard to conceive a more amusing, though in truth, melancholy record of human folly. In the days of Addison, no well-bred lady would venture to know how to spell; in later times the prohibition only extended to any cultivation of the intellectual powers, which for a long time was most religiously attended to by all the fair votaries of fashion. In the days of Fielding, it would seem that a very pretty gentleman indeed might gain a grace by misquoting Latin sufficiently to shew that he despised the dull routine of school education. Later yet a mineralogist or a botanist walked a few inches higher, if he would avow himself ignorant of metaphysics, and make some clever jest on the cobweb speculations of its admirers; and all, learned or ignorant, wise or foolish, still unite in thinking it the properest thing in the world to be totally ignorant of the properties of drugs, or their effect on the human body. True it is that a healthy mind in a healthy body is a thing worth having, few deny that; and intellectual and medical science may do somewhat towards the preservation of both, this also is allowed; but to attempt to know any thing about the matter is really too fatiguing for polished people who can afford to pay tutors and physicians. But the writer is a Pariah, and having said thus much, he need hardly assure his readers, if any of that so-named 'gentle' race ever take up these pages, that he never was great, or fashionable, or scientific enough, to have a pet of this kind: it would have been a troublesome, sometimes an expensive, always a disagreeable companion, a great hinderance to all rational employment, and no help to one who not unfrequently has found his wits his best heritage.

"If such an one cannot afford to keep a pet ignorance, so neither can he afford to carry on abstract speculations which lead to no practical result: corporeal wants must be attended to; the difficulties of this life must be met and vanquished; and if in the midst of the struggles requisite to avoid being trodden under-foot in the crowd, those great questions (which sooner or later occur to every reasonable mind) present themselves, it is not as curious contemplations, matters of philosophical research merely, which may occupy a portion of the time which is gliding away in

the lap of ease and luxury, but as problems whose solution involves every thing worth caring for in time or in eternity; problems whose due solution may gild a life which has no other gilding, may set fortune at defiance, direct our steps in difficulties, and like oil upon the waves, spread calm where all was turmoil and danger before: it is then that intellectual science loses its character of barren speculation; every step in advance raises us farther above the mists of earth; and the heart warms, and the limbs grow strong, at seeing the prospect brightening in the distance, under the unclouded beams of truth and love."

Philosophy and religion, rationalism and faith, have too long been deemed opponents. Evils numerous and great have flowed from the boldness which, aping timidity and reverence, has dared to sunder that which God hath joined together. The intellect rightfully used will shew that it bears the impress of its Maker; its powers abused, or misdirected, may produce infidelity, but from sluggish inactivity must spring superstition. To render it the handmaid of truth, the identity of its aims with those of religion should be displayed; while a knowledge of its limited power to produce lasting effects, as shewn by the experience of past ages, will compel the admission that it is not all that man needs to enable him to fulfil the ends of his existence here, and fit him for the life beyond the grave. But since to deprive any faculty, bodily or mental, of its proper sphere of action is the most certain mode of causing a morbid development in another direction, every attempt to free philosophy from the unjust suspicions which ignorance, superstition, and bigotry have thrown around it, and to shew that it still may be what Clemens of Alexandria termed it, "a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ," is efficiently to serve the cause of truth, and will lessen the number of those who are now scared into error by the clanging of the fetters which they are called upon to wear in the name of religion, and which they feel and know cannot be in accordance with the will of that Being for whose honour they are alleged to have been forged.

We may well ask with the eloquent author, "Is that philosophy foolishness which by rational argument deduces the truths of the gospel from the very nature of things, and thus leaves no room for hesitation or disbelief?" We have spoken thus earnestly upon the general object of this first work, because the same spirit breathes through them all, and it is difficult to give any abbreviated view of what is already shorn of every superfluous word, every sentence of which is the result of deep thought. To give forth sound views of science and great philosophical principles in clear and brief language, is the aim of the Well-wishers to Knowledge, and most successfully have they hitherto laboured. And yet not successfully; for we think that these modest little books have not been diffused so widely as they deserve or the character of the times demands. Perhaps at no period are books of this class so much needed as at present. The stagnant deeps of the ignorance of centuries have been set in motion. The question no longer is, shall the masses be allowed to taste of the tree of knowledge? It is, rather, shall they have food or poison? The very abundance of wild theories around us—and we speak now from much observation of the current of thoughts and feelings amongst the more intelligent of the middle and working classes of society—in reality bears witness to their longing for truth.

These false systems find followers and warm supporters, because they profess to meet the wants and difficulties of their moral being. To these classes, then, more especially, are such works advantageous, being in no degree entangled with the politics of religion or the partisanship of this or that sect.

At present, indeed, their price will prevent them obtaining a wide circulation among the class for which they are so admirably adapted; for, although not dear in proportion to the labour bestowed upon them and their intrinsic worth, they are so in proportion to their bulk

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and appearance, which, in point of fact, greatly influence the inexperienced book-purchaser. We have, however, little doubt that this objection will not exist long. The authors write not for fame and profit, so much as from a sincere desire to do good, and to give a true account of their gift of reason to the benefit and use of man, looking upon knowledge, to use Lord Bacon's words, as a "rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate." Let, therefore, those who can, purchase them, and in every way cause their circulation to be increased; let them be added to the library of every mechanics' institute, and form part of every lending-library, and we feel sure that the price would be lowered to meet the wants of the intelligent artisan, the agriculturist, and the tradesman, as early as consistent with prudence.

The *Brief View* is by the same author as the *Philosophical Theories*, and is a very clear summary of early Greek philosophy, illustrated by reference to cotemporary history, but we can now only give one or two extracts. His observations upon the system of exclusiveness adopted in India and Egypt, and which there are always some well-meaning persons who fancy to be favourable to morality and truth, contain the substance of all the arguments upon the subject:—

"The very early division of the more polished nations of India and Egypt into castes, which occasioned a separation of the priesthood from the people, was probably the cause then, as it always has been, of a grosser worship on the part of the latter. The learned sacerdotal caste reserved to itself the more abstruse parts of theology; partly, perhaps, from a natural desire to keep up the superiority which, however acquired, is always gratifying; and partly, too, from an opinion that the doctrine was too sublime for the comprehension of the ignorant multitude. Then came the plan of teaching the people by symbols which, from their more tangible nature, were likely to impress themselves on the recollection better than abstract truths. The key to these mysterious symbols was in the hands of the priests; and possibly they themselves hardly knew how far the people in general had lost sight of their original meaning. We may turn to times nearer our own for an almost parallel instance; for when the irruption of barbarians into the Roman empire gave the Christian ministers the superiority in learning, they soon were tempted to use it in the same way. Feigned miracles and a more gross and tangible worship were made use of to subjugate or to captivate the minds of the ignorant people about them; for, finding them too rude to be argued into a better faith, they thought that by first obtaining a superstitious reverence, they might finally guide them to better things. They forgot that when they had loaded religion with ceremonial observances, there was danger that even the priests themselves, at some future time, might possibly become infected with the general superstition, and suffer the substance to escape whilst they were grasping the shadow of truth.

"Doubtless the sacerdotal caste of Egypt retained for a considerable time the remembrance of the occult meaning of the symbols they used; and supposed they were preserving the knowledge of a theology whose vivifying influence they were daily losing more and more, as it became a source of worldly advantage, till at last they saw in it only a fable which was useful to them. They, too, had to encounter at times the invasion of barbarians, on whose superstitious fears they might depend for safety: or they had to resist, as a corporation, the encroachment of monarchs upon their privileges, in which contest, again, the superstition of the people was a useful ally. Thus the motives for encouraging a grosser worship were strong: the danger was remote, and at that time unknown. Few, even now, after the experience of ages, seem to be aware that there must be a rational conviction of the truth of our faith ere it will influence the heart and life: and it has been the error of all ages to imagine that it is better to keep the people ignorant, and obedient to guidance, than to give them the light which will enable them to guide themselves. The difficulty of the undertaking has generally been the first discouragement: indolence and the love of power have usually done the rest."

The following account of the opinions of Xenophanes, of Colophon, will shew to what height the sages of old sometimes attained, although these truths were little diffused, and possessed still less practical influence upon the thoughts and habits of the people:—

"Xenophanes appears to have possessed a mind of peculiar acuteness, which led him to feel dissatisfied with the loose mode of argument adopted in the Ionic school: accordingly we find him grounding his opinions on a very strict course of reasoning. He assumes in the first place as an axiom, that something must have existed eternally, because it is an absurdity to suppose that any thing could ever have come into existence, had there ever been a time when there was nothing. Then, whatever is eternal must necessarily be infinite, as it can have neither beginning nor end—but what is infinite must be ONE, since if there were more, one would set a limit to the other, which is inconsistent with infinity:—and what is essentially one can have no difference of parts; otherwise there might be a discription, which would make many things instead of one. Moreover, what is eternal, infinite, and without distinction of parts, must be immovable and immutable, for there can be no place where it is not, therefore, it does not move; nor can it be subject to change, for then it would at some time be what it was not before, which would be equivalent to the creation of a new nature, a thing impossible where there is no more powerful cause existing. There is, therefore, ONE ETERNAL, INFINITE, IMMUTABLE BEING, by whom all things consist, and this ONE BEING is God; incorporeal, omnipresent. He has nothing in common with man, either in form or mode of existence,—he hears all, sees all, but not by human senses: he is at once mind, wisdom, eternal existence."

In an early number we shall notice the other numbers of this Series, the subjects of which are—"Man's Power over himself to prevent or control Insanity," "The Connection between Physiology and Intellectual Philosophy," and "An Introduction to Practical Organic Chemistry." At present we commend the following passage, which concludes "The Philosophical Theories," to the attention of our readers, satisfied that they will heartily thank us for having thus introduced to their acquaintance the *Small Books on Great Subjects*, and hoping that they will derive as much delight from their perusal as we have done ourselves:—

"I say, that the servant of Christ may move in the world blessing and blessed. Polished, eloquent, dignified, Christ exhibited, amid the world which he did not fly from, a pattern of every thing that was attractive in man. So may and so should the Christian, and thus sanctify and purify society by his presence and example, till the precepts of our great Master become its precepts also; till forgiveness of injuries and purity of life be thought as necessary to the character of a gentleman, as truth is even now; till amusements and business, trade and politics, shall alike own the healing influence, and 'the kingdoms of the world' become what (notwithstanding the boastful title of Christendom), they never have been yet, 'the kingdoms of God and of his Christ.'

"It was the pure philosophy of Christianity, its exact accordance with every want and wish of our nature, that spread the doctrine of the poor fishermen of Galilee through the palaces and the schools, no less than the shops and farms, of Greece and Rome. It has now ceased to spread, and why? Is it not because its Philosophy is forgotten? Is it not that by being made to consist in a certain set of mysterious dogmata which it is almost forbidden to examine, it is put on a level with those false systems which shrink from the light because they know they will suffer from being seen when exposed to it? It was not thus that Christianity was first preached to the world. Its teachers and its martyrs appealed to its rationality, to its accordance with the highest conceptions of the wisest and the best of the Grecian sages. They contrasted its purity with the abominations of Paganism; the brotherly love of its followers with the ferocity, treachery, and hatred of the rest of the world; they shewed that there must be a God, and that He could be no other than they described. The Eternal God, said they, must be essentially rational. Exerted or not, the wisdom to know, and the power to act must be co-eternal in him. We do not worship two Gods, as you object to us; the *λογος* (rational faculty) of God, animated a human form, and spoke to us through human lips, 'God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself,' and him we worship. We do not say that our God suffered or died. The body which he wore as a raiment was sacrificed, but God is impassible, ONE SELF-EXISTENT ETERNAL MIND. It was thus that the early apologists for Christianity explained its tenets to the Pagan world; and the Pagan world received them. What have we gained by abandoning the philosophy of these Martyrs of the truth? We have abundance of technical terms; but have we the *Spirit of the Gospel*? Do we bear the badge of Christ, 'hereby shall men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another?' If we do not, if rich and poor, Dissenter and

Churchman, Romanist and Socinian, are as it were separate classes that hold no fellowship together—then is our Christianity as faulty as our philosophy—we have 'the form of godliness,' but not 'the power thereof,' and however we may boast 'the temple of the Lord' (and, blessed be God, it does yet afford shelter to some whom their Lord at his coming will own as his true disciples), we may find at last that phrases are of less importance than motives; and see (Heaven grant that it may not be too late!) that 'God is no respecter of persons,' but that 'in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.'

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Narrative of the Voyages and Services of the Nemesis, from 1840 to 1843, and of the combined Naval and Military Operations in China. By W. D. BERNARD, Esq. A.M. Oxon. 2 vols. Colburn.

Although the war with China has been brought to a happy conclusion, the public interest in its history has by no means abated, and any authentic narrative of events, so entirely without the beaten track of naval and military adventure, amid scenes so strange and circumstances so novel, cannot fail to be received with cordial welcome, and eagerly read, even by the most romance-seeking of the patrons of circulating libraries.

And Mr. BERNARD's *Narrative* has special attractions of its own. It is written in a pleasant, lively, graphic strain; he was witness to the greater portion of the events he relates; the services of the *Nemesis* were a prominent portion of the war; she was the first iron steamer that ever crossed the line, and therefore a fact of great importance to science. Bravely she battled with winds and waves, where the wooden walls of Old England would have found it difficult to live. As an experiment in naval architecture she was triumphantly successful. Her outward voyage was beset with trials and such imminent dangers as the following

STORM IN THE MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL.

"The gallant vessel still maintained her character as a good sea-boat. But the leaks continued to increase, her sides strained and opened fearfully, and the apertures had by this time extended upwards completely to the deck, and downwards far below the water-line. As the vessel heaved and rolled from side to side, the broken edges of the iron plates sometimes opened to the extent of an inch, while their lateral motion, as the vessel worked, in the part that had bulged, was frequently not less than five inches. As the storm increased, it was found that in the short space of two-and-a-half hours, and in spite of every exertion to strengthen the part, the openings on both sides had further increased in length no less than 18 inches.

"The motion of the vessel, in such a pitching cross sea, was very quick, and every time the sides opened, the rush of wind and water through them was terrific. Luckily the engines were still able to work, and continued to pump out the water very fast, although the openings were actually close to the engine-room itself. But the dangerous state of the vessel was appalling, not only from the fear of her separating amidships, but from the chance of the bilge-pumps becoming choked, or the fires being put out by the rush of water.

"The struggle was evidently to be one for life or death; and who could then forget his God, his home, and all he loved on earth, or hoped in heaven? Yet each one struggled hard for rescue; and, as he strove and worked his utmost, clinging to the barque he hardly thought to save, not one but whispered forth his silent prayer, and felt his strength redoubled. Every man was hard at work, trying all the resources which invention and the impulse of danger could suggest, to keep the vessel from breaking asunder. And yet so desperate did the attempt appear, that, for one passing moment, it seemed as if their efforts were fruitless, and the courage even of the stoutest heart began to fail. The utmost strength of man appeared powerless to save amid so many trials. She groaned and worked tremendously, and reports were brought in quick succession from different parts of the vessel that she was fast breaking up in pieces. Many trembled in their hearts that dared not shew their fears, because alarm becomes contagious, and tends to paralyze the strongest arm. But some retired, and for a moment prayed to Him who only now could save; and others tried to hold their pen, and tell their last and parting tale, yet paused and faltered in the effort.

"In this dilemma, in was still necessary to inspire the drooping spirits of the men with some new exertion. The captain tried to smile, and, by a cool, col-

lected manner, sought to awaken hope which in secret he himself could scarcely feel. 'You may smile, Sir,' said one of the sturdiest of the men, a hardy boiler-maker by trade, 'but you don't know the nature of iron; how should you!' (as if in pity of his ignorance), and then added, as if for comfort, 'Ah, sir, when once it works and cracks, as our sides are doing now, it's sure to go on; nothing can stop it.'

"However, it was evident that talking about it would not mend the matter, and all that could be said was, 'The greater our danger, the more must our exertions be increased to counteract it.' And increased they were."

The repairs were made, and the gallant ship was saved. By immense exertions she was carried into Delagoa Bay. There they found the natives actively engaged in the slave-trade, of which some interesting particulars are given.

The *Nemesis* had sailed with sealed orders, and it was not until she arrived at Ceylon that the captain and crew learned that they were to join the fleet then on the coast of China. Thither they proceeded with all speed, and the bulk of the volumes upon our table is occupied with a minute and stirring narrative of the doings of the war until its conclusion.

It would be obviously impossible within the limits of a periodical to follow Mr. BERNARD through the details of his history, in which the *Nemesis*, its gallant commander, Captain Hall, and its crew, play the most prominent part, venturing where no other ship would or could go, exploring rivers and creeks and bays, and meeting with all sorts of adventures among the natives, when curiosity tempted a landing. From the many interesting passages we have marked for extract, we can only select a few to exhibit the author's manner, and as a foretaste of the entertainment to be found in the work itself, which will, of course, be ordered by every book-club.

Our readers will be curious to learn the progress of colonization in Hong-Kong, and they will be astonished to hear how much has been already accomplished. The Chinese must be satisfied that we intend to keep the position we have secured, when they see such enterprises already accomplished at

THE BRITISH SETTLEMENT AT HONG-KONG.

"When our forces were assembled in the harbour of Hong-Kong, on their return from Canton, in June 1841, there was not a single regularly-built house fit for the habitation of Europeans upon the island; for the Chinese villages can hardly be taken into account. When the expedition set sail for Amoy, about two months afterwards, a few mat-sheds and temporary huts were all that indicated the future site of the town of Victoria, or pointed out what was soon to become the centre of British commerce in that part of the world, and the seat of British power upon the threshold of the most populous empire the world ever saw. But arrangements had already commenced preparatory to the formation of a settlement, and these were of such a nature as to lead to the assurance that the island would not, under any circumstances, be restored to the Chinese.

"The first sale by auction of land, or rather of the annual quit-rents only, was held in June. On the 7th of that month Hong-Kong was declared to be a free port, and on the 22nd, Mr. A. R. Johnston, the deputy-superintendent of trade, was appointed acting governor of the island.

"The portion of land put up for sale in the first instance consisted of only 34 lots, each of which was to have a sea frontage of about 100 feet; but the depth of each lot, of course, varied considerably, according to the nature of the ground. The sale of the annual quit-rents only, payable in advance, produced no less a sum than 3,165*l.* 10*s.* yearly, at this first sale. Equally high prices also were obtained on subsequent occasions. Moreover, one of the conditions of sale was, that each purchaser should be required to incur an outlay upon each lot, within the first six months, either in building or otherwise, of not less than 1000 dollars, or upwards of 222*l.* sterling, and a deposit of 500 dollars was to be paid into the hands of the treasurer, within one week, but was to be repayable as soon as an equal amount had been expended.

"Accordingly, within six months from the time above named, wonderful improvements had taken place, although much preliminary work was necessary before any solid buildings could be erected. In fact, the first regular house built for Europeans was not completed until September or October following, and as it was constructed entirely by Chinese mechanics, it assumed very much the form of a Chinese house,

"The government now began to form an excellent road, called the Queen's-road, along the front of the harbour, and to encourage improvement in every possible way. The elements of a regular establishment were soon formed, and the nucleus of a powerful European community was soon planted upon the borders of haughty China. Its progress from this moment was wonderful, and no stronger argument than this can be adduced to point out the necessity of such an emporium as Hong-Kong, and the impossibility of continuing the former state of things.

"Within one year from the completion of the first house, not only were regular streets and bazaars for the Chinese erected, but numerous large substantial warehouses were built, mostly of stone, some already finished, and others in progress. Wharfs and jetties were constructed of the most substantial kind, the sound of the stonemason's hammer was heard in every direction, and a good road was in progress, and an admirable market was established in English style, under covered sheds, and well regulated by the police. The Chinese willingly resorted to it, and brought abundant supplies of every description, readily submitting themselves to all the regulations. Large commissariat stores and other public buildings, including barracks at either end of the town, were finished. The road, which was carried along the foot of the hills, extended already to a distance of nearly four miles, and a cut was being made through a high sandhill in order to continue it further, and at intervals along the whole of the distance, substantial and even elegant buildings were already erected. The numerous conical hills which distinguish this part of the island were nearly all levelled at the top, in readiness to commence building new houses; stone bridges were in progress, and the road was being rapidly continued over the hills at the eastern end of Victoria-bay, leading down to Tytam-bay, and the picturesque village of Chek-chu.

"In short, whether we look at the public spirit shewn by Government, or the energy and liberality of private individuals, who seemed by one common consent to set about forming a settlement such as had never been heard of before, we cannot but wonder at the results, and foresee the influence which England must henceforth always exercise over the hitherto unapproachable Chinese. The Chinese inhabitants seem to fall readily into our ways and habits; their labourers and mechanics worked well and willingly for moderate pay, and came over in crowds from the opposite coast to seek work; tradesmen crowded in to occupy the little shops in the bazaars; two European hotels and billiard-rooms were completed; and in short every necessary and most luxuries could be obtained with facility at Hong-Kong within the first year of its permanent settlement."

It augurs well for the permanency of British influence in China, that so much are the Chinese pleased with us, that Hong-Kong is becoming their fashionable place of resort, and the Chinese inhabitants have increased from 5,000, the number when we first took possession of the island, to 30,000, the present number! It appears that the Government will not sell the fee of any of the land at Hong-Kong; but prefers to grant long leases, as a source of permanent revenue.

A curious account is given by Mr. BERNARD of an adventurous escape from shipwreck and captivity effected by Sir Gordon Bremer and Captain Elliot, which abounds in interest. It should be premised that a storm had driven them ashore:—

ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN ELLIOT.

"Their troubles, however, were not yet at an end. They managed to save very little provisions or clothing from the wreck, and the only place they could discover in which they could shelter themselves for the night, was a large fissure in the side of a precipice, open at the top, with a small mountain-stream running through the centre of it. There they anxiously waited the dawn of morning, in a sitting posture (for they could not lie down), and drenched to the skin. Soon after daylight they discovered two Chinamen, who came down to pillage the wreck, and several dead bodies of Chinamen were found cast up upon the shore. After some hesitation and difficulty, a bargain was at length made to convey Captain Elliot for a thousand dollars to Macao, in a fishing-boat; but shortly afterwards another party of Chinese fishermen, coming up from a neighbouring village, commenced robbing all the shipwrecked people, stripping them of their clothes, and, among other things, getting possession of a star of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order. In a short time, the demand for conveying Captain Elliot to Macao, as soon as the weather would permit, was raised to 2,000 dollars, which was agreed to.

"Yet difficulties seemed to multiply hourly, for at this juncture some of the Chinese having found two or three bodies of their countrymen lashed to spars, and dreadfully lacerated by being dashed against the

rocks until they were lifeless, took it for granted that this had been done purposely by Captain Elliot and his party, and for some time their threatening gestures and angry looks of retaliation seemed to portend bloodshed. This was, however, at length averted, and ultimately, after agreeing to pay upwards of three thousand dollars, Captain Elliot, Sir Gordon Bremer, and two other persons, were laid upon their backs in the bottom of a boat, and carefully covered over with mats. Scarcely, however, had they fairly got away from the island, when another misfortune threatened to consign them to the most bitter fate. An armed mandarin boat passed close by them and hailed the Chinese boatmen, asking for news about the wrecks. What a prize was at this moment within their grasp! No less than 20,000 dollars had been already offered as a reward for the capture either of Captain Elliot or Sir Gordon Bremer. Had the boatmen been treacherous enough to betray their charge (and Captain Elliot was personally known to them), what a grand display her Majesty's two plenipotentiaries would have made in Pekin, carried about in bamboo cages like wild beasts! What proclamations and boastings! What promotions and rewards! But happily this was not to be; and in a few hours the party landed safely in the inner harbour of Macao; Captain Elliot having for his costume a jacket without any shirt; the Commodore, a blue worsted frock; and each of them a pair of striped trousers. To crown all, in this unhappy plight, the moment the two high functionaries were recognized by the Portuguese officer of the guard, the latter were ordered to 'turn out,' as a mark of respect; but were soon induced to defer it until a more fitting opportunity.

"Boats were now sent off without delay, together with an interpreter, in order to rescue the other sufferers, and at last they all arrived safely in Macao on the 25th of July."

Although the iron steamer, with her flat bottom, appeared to go anywhere, over shallows, and through mud-banks and against rapids, never drawing more than six feet of water, she did not play these pranks without peril. More than once she found herself in such dangerous plight as the following:—

THE NEMESIS IN PERIL.

"On one occasion, and without any warning, the *Nemesis* ran at full speed, and at high water, upon a dangerous conical-shaped rock, off the north-eastern extremity of Deer Island, near the southern coast of Chusan, although she had frequently been through the same passage before, without having discovered the danger. The tide began to fall almost immediately she struck, so that she was left with her bows high and dry out of water and her stern deep in the water, while she had seven fathoms close alongside of her. It was a remarkable position for a vessel to be placed in; part of her bottom was completely clear of the rock and the water too, the vessel being only held by its extremities; and when the tide rose, every attempt to haul her off proved ineffectual. A large indentation, or hollow, was supposed to have been made where she rested upon the rock, which of course held her fast.

"The only resource was to try to float her off, by fairly lifting her up, with the help of large casks and junks. The launch and pinnacle of the *Cornwallis* having been sent to her assistance, eight large casks were got out, and boats were sent out to press half a dozen of the largest Chinese trading junks, to assist in the operation. As soon as they were brought alongside, the vessel was lightened, strong hawsers were passed under her bottom, and were secured over the bows of three junks, placed on either side, and then carried aft round the junk's quarter, and thence let forward and secured round the mast. By these means, as the tide rose, the junks fairly lifted the head of the steamer off the rock, and she was launched into her own element, without having sustained any material injury."

But we are trespassing beyond our limits. Enough has been said and extracted to shew the reader the sort of entertainment he may expect from Mr. BERNARD'S *Narrative*; and this is all that THE CRITIC professes to do.

SCIENCE.

Six Lectures on the Philosophy of Mesmerism. By JOHN BOVEE DODS, of Boston.

We concluded the short notice of this volume in our last with a statement that Mr. Dods proposes to give the name of *Spiritualism*, or *Mental Electricity*, to the phenomena which are at present known by the unpopular title of *Animal Magnetism*.

His theory of those phenomena may be thus stated:—

One consequence, that out nature proves this sciences.

The animal system and has no blood fluid, man the lungs brain. A ply of blood measure arises that

"When some good citizen, that the nervous system is fully charged is greatly v let the person changeably action of the brain to the fluids in the change in a singular and it is in of philosophy one denies this case, the immensity else discover the grosse through ev holds its ex itself with

"On the if a person fluid, he cr bably in an we call ea it will take brain have effect prod still it will

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One common law pervades the whole universe, that of *equilibrium*, producing throughout nature a constant *action and reaction*. He proves this by a rapid glance at the various sciences.

The animal form is composed of a nervous system and a circulating system. The former has no blood, but is charged with a *nervo-vital fluid*, manufactured out of electricity, taken into the lungs with the breath, and charging the brain. As a human being may lack a due supply of blood, so he may be deficient of the due measure of the *nervo-vital fluid*. Hence it arises that

"When we see persons, who, on hearing suddenly some good or bad news, are thrown into great excitement, tremor, and agitation, we may be certain that their nervous systems lack the due measure of the *nervo-vital fluid*. Now let a person whose brain is fully charged come in contact with one whose brain is greatly wanting in its due measure of this fluid, and let the person possessing the full brain gently and unchangeably hold his mind upon the other, and by the action of the Will, the fluid will pass from the full brain to the other, until the equilibrium between the fluids in the two brains is attained. The sudden change in the receiving brain produces a coolness and a singular state of insensibility. This is *Magnetism*: and it is in perfect accordance with all the principles of philosophy in the known realms of nature. If any one denies the operation of the law of equilibrium in this case, then he here makes a chasm, amidst the immensity of God's works, which he can nowhere else discover. I have clearly shewn him that, from the grossest matter in the universe, step by step, through every grade, up to electricity, the same law holds its empire, and matter is continually equalizing itself with matter.

"On this principle, it will be readily perceived that, if a person has a great deficiency of the *nervo-vital fluid*, he can be mesmerized the first sitting, and probably in an hour's time, or a much less period. These we call easy subjects. But if the deficiency be less, it will take a longer period in proportion, and if the brain have nearly its proper quantity of fluid, then the effect produced at the first sitting will be small, yet still it will be visible.

"From the premises now laid down, and in accordance with the law of equilibrium, it will probably be said, that only few persons can be mesmerized. This, however, is not correct. I contend that every person in existence can be, and indeed *ought* to be, thrown into the mesmeric state. This, I am well aware, is contrary to the opinion of the advocates of this science. The most liberal calculation I have heard is that about one in nine of the human family can be mesmerized. But every one can be, and that too, in perfect accordance with the principles laid down. Let two persons of equal brains, both in size and fluid, sit down. Let one of these individuals remain perfectly passive, and let the other exercise his mental and physical energies according to the true principles of mesmerizing, and he will displace some of the *nervo-vital fluid* from the passive brain and deposit his own in its stead. The next day let them sit another hour, and so on day after day, until the acting brain shall have displaced the major part of the *nervo-vital fluid* from the passive brain and filled up that space with his own nervous force, and the person will yield to the magnetic power, and sweetly slumber in its inexpressible quietude."

The *nervo-vital fluid* is the agent by which mind communicates with matter. When, for instance, we will to raise the hand, there is no direct contact between the *thought* and the *hand*; but we put forth a will by whose energies the *nervo-vital fluid* is stirred, the nerve vibrates, the vibration contracts the muscles, the muscles raise the arm. Proofs: that the same effect may be produced by electricity upon the dead body: that if the nerve that goes to the stomach be severed, digestion instantly ceases: pass a stream of electricity through the severed nerve, and digestion is instantly renewed.

Electricity, then, is continually streaming through the nervous system; taken in with the breath and thrown off from the body. This electro-magnetic power is the only medium of communication between mind and matter. Hence, by the concentration of the mind upon an individual, and by the action of the will, this fluid can be thrown upon another person till his nervous system is fully charged.

This is *MESMERISM*.

Now for its application. When the circu-

lating and nervous systems are in perfect balance, health ensues. If the former lack blood, debility of body ensues; if the latter be deficient in *nervo-vital fluid*, nervous excitability is the result, with all its train of diseases. By the process which has been termed *mesmerism*, the deficient brain is charged with nervous energy from a full and healthy brain, and hence the cures which are effected in nervous diseases.

Mr. Dods deduces from this, that it is desirable that every person should be brought under the magnetic influence.

"In the light our subject stands, we perceive how vastly important it is that every person while at ease, or even in health, should be operated upon until the brain is magnetically subdued. As stated in my first lecture, one person can be mesmerized in an hour or less, another in two hours, and so on up to thirty hours. Let a healthy friend of yours sit down, one hour each day, until he subdues your brain. No person should mesmerize more than one hour in twenty-four. The exertion is so great, he will injure himself if he do. But here is the glory of this science. Though you may labour an hour each day for twenty or thirty days in succession, yet, what you gain you hold until the work is accomplished. And not only so, but after the brain is once magnetically subdued, you can then throw the person into the state in five minutes. Yes, a child ten years old can then mesmerize a giant father. Your brain being magnetically subdued, it is worth hundreds of dollars to you. You are then ready for the day of distress. Come what may—toothache, headache, tic douloureux, neuralgia, or any pain of which you can conceive; let some one mesmerize you and then wake you up, and the pain is gone. The whole process need not occupy more than ten minutes. Should you fall and break your arm, then let some one mesmerize the arm only, which can be done in one minute. You are free from pain, and though in your wakeful state, yet you can look quietly on, and see the bones put to their places. Your arm can then be kept in the mesmeric state, and thoroughly and rapidly healed without having ever experienced one single throb of pain. Or by simply mesmerizing your arm or leg, you can sit in the wakeful state and see them amputated, and feel no pain. But if you neglect to have your brain magnetically subdued, then when the day of distress comes upon you, as it might require several hours to put you into this state, it will be too late to avail yourself of the blessings this science is calculated to bestow."

In his third lecture Mr. Dods proceeds to consider the much-agitated question, whether there be any power in mind to produce a result by simply *willing* it? He asserts that there is no *power or motion* whatever, in the whole universe, except it originate in mind.

"And as the human spirit, through an electro-magnetic medium, comes in contact with matter, so the infinite Spirit does the same, and through this medium he governs the universe. Hence, those who deny the mesmeric power must, to be consistent with themselves, deny that there is any medium through which mind can come in contact with matter, or else deny that mind, abstractly considered, has any power to produce results. But the denial of either of these is a denial of an all-powerful, self-existent Spirit, the Creator and Governor of the universe."

Sleep remarkably exhibits this.

"It is admitted on all hands that the mind resides in the brain, not in the blood-vessels, but in the nerves themselves. Now, if the nerves are very much expanded by heat, it is impossible to sleep. By lying perfectly still upon our beds there is a coolness steals over the brain. The nerves, by coolness, are made to contract. They continue gently to shrink until they press upon the living substance they contain, and stop its motion. That moment all thought ceases. Recollect, *mind* is that substance whose nature is motion, and the result of that motion is thought. By pressure, by *force*, it is stopped, and thought is gone. The moment our rest is complete, a nervous warmth comes over the brain; the nerves expand, leave the mind disengaged; it resumes its motion, and thought is the result. As cold shrinks and heat expands the nervous system, so that we alternately sleep and wake under this double action, so the mind is a living self-moving and indivisible substance, which is capable of being compressed sufficient, at least, to prevent its motion."

The lecturer next applies himself to the objections raised against the alleged phenomena exhibited in the mesmeric state. First, how the subject sees in a manner different from the ordinary mode of vision. We extract a singular case:—

"To bring this subject directly and plainly before you, I will relate to you an incident which was stated

to me about six months ago by Dr. Patterson, an eminent physician of Lynchburg, Virginia. A young lady was taken sick; her physician, who lived some eight or ten miles distant, was sent for; he found her in a state of catalepsy. Though there was no sensation in her body, yet she had occasional fits of talking. He prescribed, stated that he should be there the next evening, and left. The evening came, and a most tremendous storm of rain, with high winds, set in. The darkness was profound. As the family were seated in silence and anxiety in the same room where the patient lay, some one said, 'Well, our doctor will not be here to-night.' The sick lady answered, 'Yes, he will; he is coming now; he is riding on horse-back, and is all drenched with rain.' The family supposing this to be a mere reverie of the brain, a touch of delirium, made no reply. Nearly an hour passed on, and the storm continuing with unabating violence, one of the pensive group again broke the silence, and exclaimed with a feeling of regret, 'Well, it is certain our doctor will not be here this dark stormy night.' The sufferer again answered, 'Yes, he will; he is most here now; there he is hitching his horse; he is coming to the door.' They heard the raps; the door was opened, and in came the doctor. I now ask, how did this lady, in a state of catalepsy, see the physician several miles distant, through the walls of her house, and in so dark a night?

"This report was given in a medical journal, and well authenticated. And, moreover, there are many of a similar character; and of these facts medical men are well aware."

What is the philosophy of *clairvoyance*?

"It is evident that *seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, and smelling*, belong exclusively to the mind. And as we have clearly proved that electricity is the only substance that can come in contact with mind, so it is through the agency of this fluid that sensations are transmitted to the mind. Hence, it is through the medium of electricity that we see, hear, feel, taste, and smell."

We see with the mind, not with the eye. The image of the object is painted on the retina, and thence conveyed by electricity through the nerves to the mind. Electricity passes through all material substances.

"Air cannot pass through your cranium, nor through these walls, nor metallic substances. But as all these have countless millions of pores, electricity can pass through them. Now if our nervous system could be charged with the *nervo-vital fluid*, so as to render the brain positive, and thus bring it into an exact equilibrium or balance with external electricity, then we should be *clairvoyant*. Because, the nervous system being duly charged, and even overcharged, the great quantity of this fluid passing in right lines from the mind, as a common centre, and in every direction through the pores of the skull, renders it transparent. Uniting with external electricity, which passes through these walls and all substances, which are also transparent, the image of the whole universe, as it were, in this transparent form, is thrown upon the mind, and is there seen, and seen, too, independent of the retina. On this principle, the whole of those objects which are opaque to natural vision, are rendered transparent to the *clairvoyant*, and he sees through walls in succession, and takes cognizance of their relative distances, on the same principle that we in a wakeful state could look through said walls if they were thin, transparent glass. On this principle, if the subject be charged too much or too little, he cannot see clearly. Or if the night be rainy, or even damp, and unfavourable to electricity, then experiments in *clairvoyance* must fail, or be very imperfect. The subject must be magnetically charged exactly to that degree which will bring him into magnetic equilibrium with external electricity. Then, if the night be favourable, the experiments will most likely prove successful."

The flash of light perceived by the mind when zinc and silver are brought in contact upon the tongue is a striking proof that by means of electricity the mind can see without the aid of the ordinary medium of the eyes.

So it is with the other senses. They reside, not in the nerves but in the mind. The nerves are only the media by which the communication is effected.

The common objection, that all the phenomena of mesmerism may be accounted for by the power of imagination, is thus met:—

"To believe that the imagination can bring human beings into a state where limbs can be amputated, tumours cut out, teeth extracted, and broken bones set, and the whole healed without experiencing one throb of pain—to believe, I say, that the imagination can do all these wonders, in giving such boundless triumph over pain, requires a far greater stretch of credulity than to believe in the magnetic power! And surely, if the imagination possesses the wonderful charm to bring the nervous system into a condition

where we can bid defiance to pain, and gain a complete victory over the whole frightful army of human woes, then, surely the science is equally important, possesses the same transcendent claims upon our benevolence, and the man who discovered that the imagination possessed this charm is worthy of the united thanks of all human-kind; and, being dead, his bones are worthy to repose with the great men of the universe. In this case, it will only be necessary to change its name, and call it *The science of the wonderful power of the human imagination to charm all pain.*"

We now close these lectures, having, we believe, fairly analyzed the arguments, which must be read as that of the lecturer, and we submit them, as is our wont in such cases, without an opinion of our own, to the judgment of our readers.

The Arithmetic of Annuities and Life Assurance, or Compound Interest Simplified, &c. By EDWARD BAYLIS, Esq. Actuary of the Anchor Life Insurance Company. London, 1844. Longman and Co.

AN extremely useful volume, which should be consulted by all who have to deal with interests of uncertain value. It familiarly explains and illustrates by examples, not only the principles upon which annuities and assurances are calculated, but it exhibits, in tabular and other forms, the values of those species of property at various times, and whether dependent on one or more lives, together with the values, leases, pensions, freeholds, reversions, in possession or expectation, immediate, deferred, or temporary. Mr. BAYLIS has performed his laborious task with a zeal which deserves approbation, and his volume must become a standard authority upon the subjects of which it treats.

FICTION.

The Rose of Tistelön. A Tale of the Swedish Coast. By EMILIE CARLEN. Translated from the original Swedish. In two vols. London, 1844. Longman, Brown, and Co.

The Rose of Tistelön is another translation from the Swedish, and in all respects worthy of the fame which its predecessors who have visited us from the North have already achieved. It is, indeed, impossible to read it and not be moved by its pathos, while we admire the masterly pen which displays such vigour and power in the use of the simplest materials. Coming from the hands of a countrywoman of the far-famed Frederika Bremer, one is naturally led to form some comparison with her; and happily this can well be done without positive disadvantage to either fair authoress. We have seen it remarked, in our opinion correctly, that EMILIE CARLEN is the less characteristic; and certainly every scene in the *Rose of Tistelön* might have passed any where under the sun besides Sweden; but this, if it be a fault, is a very excusable one. Miss Bremer is, perhaps, more charming, more graceful, and is more skilful in portraying with certain interest the commonest events of every-day life; perhaps, too, she has more natural poetry in her composition; but, at the same time, we almost tremble to find her approaching the impassioned, in the mildest sense of the term. With the pathetic she is more at home, and rarely, if ever, fails there in what she attempts; but it is far otherwise when she treads the domains of genuine passion. Here Miss Bremer is either constrained or overstrained, and always artificial; a defect resulting, perhaps, from the very nature of her excellences; consequently one which we cannot hope to see amended:—

"It was by Providence intended
Our pains and pleasures should be blended."

We cannot be so all-grasping as to expect every excellence from one mind. EMILIE CARLEN, on the contrary, excels in the romantic and tragic, without being wanting in comic effects. Her writing is of such an equal tone that neither faults nor perfections anywhere obtrude themselves on our notice: all is harmony in the composition; while the more surprising points in her story are

drawn with a strength and firmness rarely found in a female writer. In the management of her materials there is the method of a master's hand, while Miss Bremer never lays claim to any method at all. In short, our present authoress is by many degrees more dramatic than her countrywoman; she is generally silent where Miss Bremer would dilate—on the pleasures of home; and where Miss Bremer either fails or ceases altogether, EMILIE CARLEN takes up the point and absorbs the interest of her readers. Every character is well drawn, with taste, judgment, and knowledge.

The Rose of Tistelön, the charming heroine, is the child of a smuggler, living in a small island on the western coast of Sweden, who, in one of his nocturnal expeditions, aided by his son, murders the officer of the coast guard, while another son, too young to assist in the dark deed, looked on in horror, and, from that time, gradually fell into idiocy, mainly produced by his father's cruel treatment. Years after, the young Rose, who has been carefully kept from all knowledge of these circumstances, is beloved by the son of the murdered officer, and returns his affection, which, when discovered by the idiot brother, fills him with such dismay that he thinks he can only redeem his salvation by denouncing his father and brother. This is the grand catastrophe, and admirably is it worked out. A little minor tragedy is introduced in the episode of Rosenberg, a lover of the heroine, who demands that his mistress will wait for him three years, and if in that time he do not return she may be free. Gabriella waits far beyond the appointed time, for her honour, not her inclination's sake, for already her heart had given itself to the son of her father's victim. Rosenberg returns, and finds her, to his agony, in the arms of his rival. These incidents are well blended, though, in point of fact, Rosenberg is not at all connected with the principal points of the story. We will illustrate our remarks by an extract:—

"Arman was right in his conjecture: it was the seal-shooters of Tistelön."

"Haraldson and Birger had already perceived the danger, and, without wasting many words in discussion, they altered their course, and made straight for Paternoster rocks, in the hope of deceiving the officer, and making good their escape. Arman, however, followed up the pursuit; and as the custom-house pinnace was the fastest sailer, he gradually gained considerably on the seal-shooters."

"During this desperate chase, the characteristic wildness of Haraldson's features darkened into a yet more savage expression; the large grey eyes rolled fearfully under the shaggy eyebrows, and the muscles of the face plainly shewed the working of fierce passions. 'The game grows serious!' said he, in a low voice, to Birger, who was busy with the rigging: 'they will be upon us in a moment; and then... But how now, boy!—have you lost your tongue? Now is the time for a bold stroke!'"

"Birger turned, and by the faint light of a moon-beam, which broke through the clouds for a moment, the father saw the pale, haggard face of his son."

"Haraldson, who had not particularly observed Birger since his return from Erika's room, attributed the extraordinary change in his appearance to fear of the approaching danger, and exclaimed furiously, 'Dog! do you hang your ears when you see your father ready to venture all for life and goods!'"

"'I will not be behind-hand,' said Birger, in a voice so fearfully calm that Haraldson perceived the injustice of his suspicion; and added, more quietly, 'It will soon come to a trial of courage. I have hit upon a desperate plan.'"

"He now ordered Birger to hoist the foresail better up, and then to be on the look-out that he might catch the first glimpse of the Paternoster rocks against the dawning sky. Nothing was yet in sight, however, but the tremendous breakers sounded like distant thunder; and as the boat drew nearer the rocks, an expression of satisfaction spread itself over the hard features of Haraldson. 'Hark how they roar: the sea-witches sing and dance!—fine sport for them to-night!' said he to Birger, who lay beside him, with his eyes fixed gloomily on the mysterious gulf. 'Once, long ago,' resumed Haraldson, with a strange smile, 'I sailed between the breakers. The passage is barely ten yards wide: if you miss the course by a hair's breadth your life's not worth a rope's-end. I succeeded that time, and saw my pursuer dashed on the rocks before my eyes. Do you understand, Birger? it is our only chance: and with the devil's help we shall do as well this time,'"

"'We shall see,' said Birger, coldly; 'we are not there yet.' He suddenly sprang up, 'Do you hear, father? he hails us,—he is just upon us.'"

"'Not yet, not yet,' said Haraldson, with wonderful coolness; 'we have still got a little the start of him: but if we don't give ourselves up he will fire before we reach —'"

"'There! he hails us again!' said Birger, with the like calm resolution, worthy of a better cause."

"'Now!' exclaimed Haraldson, in the greatest excitement, when the boat had almost reached the gulf; but at the same instant a line of fire shot from the pinnace, which had come quite near; a ball whizzed past the seal-shooter's boat, and a second cut the foresheet. 'Death and destruction! we are lost if —' Do what you can, Birger; our lives hang by a hair.' But without waiting his father's order, Birger had already seized the foresail as it flapped in the wind, caught hold of the end of the rope, and now held it with giant strength in one hand, and by the side of the boat with the other."

"'Well done, boy!' exclaimed Haraldson, as the boat once more shot through the raging breakers. They were not waves that they dashed through; neither earth nor sky, rocks nor water, were to be seen; nothing but white foam surrounded the vessel below, above, and on either side, while the waves, as they were shattered against the rocks, howled forth their dying groans. At length the boat darted into the open sea, on the western side of the rocks. The danger was past, and Haraldson raised his head with the bold confidence which the success of a desperate experiment was calculated to produce in a character like his. 'That was a good piece of work!' said he, triumphantly, to Birger. 'Fasten the rope now as well as you can, and then we shall see what the government boys behind us are after.'"

"It was the morning dawn; the storm had lulled, but the air was thick and chilly. Haraldson strained his keen experienced eyes to discover the fate of the detested custom-house boat. An expression of satisfaction and cruel mockery shone in his eyes, but soon changed to one of the bitterest rage, as he turned to Birger, who was trying in vain to fasten the sail, and said, in a voice that, for the first time during the whole affair, betrayed some unsteadiness, 'By all the devils! the old government thief has got through with a whole skin! There is no time to be lost; we must not waste it in words: we are lost unless —' And he gave his son a significant look, while he thoughtfully balanced the rifle in his hand."

"A wild, strange smile on Birger's lip replied to the half-expressed hint. 'Erika!' muttered he between his teeth, 'I could not have done this yesterday: to-day I fear nothing; I care not now for my own life, or the lives of others.' He made a sign of intelligence to his father, then springing forward, hauled down the foresail, under which he carefully concealed his musket; Haraldson, who had already completely recovered his usual coolness, laid his at the bottom of the steerage, and then brought the boat's head to the wind. The pinnace now came near, and the officer hailed the boat for the third time. Haraldson confessed that he had contraband goods on board, but surrendered himself, as all opposition was now useless."

"It is well you acknowledge it at last," said Arman, with pardonable pride; 'but it would have been better if you had spared us both a risk which might have cost us dear. Lay-to, now, that the pinnace may come alongside.'"

"Haraldson obeyed with every appearance of humble submission; and in a few minutes the government boat was laid alongside of the seal-shooter's."

"We have got the upper hand at last, Martin, and must make these fellows pay for their old scores," said the lieutenant, as he prepared to step over the gunwale; but before he could do so Haraldson had, unobserved, seized his rifle and taken his aim. The next instant it went off, and the brave old Arman, who had so nobly fulfilled the dangerous duties of his office, fell forward, shot through the head, on the deck of the smuggler's boat. Almost at the same moment Birger was on board the pinnace; and after a short but desperate struggle with the two boatmen, which required the exertion of all Birger's giant strength, he threw the one overboard, while he mortally wounded the active, fearless Martin with the butt-end of his gun, just as he had almost succeeded in dragging Birger over the gunwale. Both fell back on the deck; and Martin's last words were, 'Blood-hound! when you hang on the gallows, you will remember this day's work; and when your sinful soul has left your wretched body, you will answer before God for my two boys whom you have made fatherless.'"

"The pinnace was instantly scuttled. After it had been well searched by the greedy Haraldson, who then took a piece of rope and bound the dead bodies to the benches; and with the last circles caused by the fast sinking pinnace, over which the waves soon rolled monotonously as before, disappeared also every fear of the discovery of the murder, for as far as the eye could reach, neither vessel nor living thing was to be seen."

"The father and son were terrible to look upon, as they stood, their bloody work accomplished, silent as

the dead, in one another and hatred

We will the novel to our ree

"Silent to wait for fears,—from Arve did hope and lo named her his breast, of her father viour."

"What pressed her in anxiety Who knew yesterday, my arms, I be lasting. beloved br neither car "Gabriella at these v lover; but return, be let down: and Erika's a minute. Gabriella's through h vulsively, east on his from his a

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the dead, in the uncertain grey dawn, and looked at one another with eyes that betrayed mutual horror and hatred."

We will take another scene from the close of the novel, which will be interesting, we think, to our readers:—

"Silent and anxious, she sat down by the window to wait for Arve. To him she could pour out her fears,—from him she would surely receive comfort. Arve did not allow her to wait long. Inspired by hope and love, he flew to his bride,—for so he already named her to himself. She leaned, trembling, on his breast, and whispered her uneasiness on account of her father's strange and incomprehensible behaviour."

"Whatever may come to pass," said Arve, and he pressed her more closely to his heart, "let us not waste in anxiety the moments when we may be happy! Who knows how long such happiness may last? Even yesterday, when for the first time I clasped you in my arms, I thought it impossible that such bliss could be lasting. But you are still mine, Gabriella,—my beloved bride! and while I hold you thus, there is neither care nor sorrow in the world for me."

"Gabriella felt a great portion of hers disappear also at these words. Again she sat by the side of her lover; but that they might not, in case of Anton's return, be startled as before, the window-curtain was let down: and now, forgetting Haraldson's, Birger's, and Erika's return, they spent an hour as it had been a minute. But suddenly the roses that glowed on Gabriella's cheeks grew pale,—a violent shivering ran through her frame,—she grasped Arve's hand convulsively, and with a look, such as the dying might cast on the object of their love, she withdrew herself from his arms."

"In God's name! what terrifies you thus, my Gabriella?" asked Arve, amazed, and endeavouring again to draw her towards him."

"But, with a gesture of despair, she started up, and leaned forward in a listening attitude. 'Do you hear?' she whispered, with suppressed breathing."

"Yes; some one knocks."

"Only one hand knocks so!" She wished to rush out,—it was unnecessary,—the door was not bolted; it opened, and Rosenberg entered."

"No hackneyed comparisons, no striving after effect! words can add little to the impression of a moment which decides the earthly happiness of three individuals. Rosenberg flew to his former love. His arms were outstretched to fold her to that faithful heart, whose only comfort, during long, laborious, anxious years, had been the hope of this moment, and the certainty of her fidelity. 'My Gabriella, dearest, beloved Gabriella! I do not surely come too late? You . . . God,—oh, God! I see it; my efforts have been in vain!' He fixed his searching glance on her who, with head bowed down, and arms folded on her bosom, stood before him, an image of sorrow and consternation. 'Do you love another?' asked Rosenberg, with quivering lips:—'that, at least, you must tell me!' He had not yet, in the excess of his own confusion, become aware of the presence of Arman, who, in a state mind little better than Gabriella's, waited until the captain should observe him."

"Rosenberg, Gabriella at length breathed forth, 'why did you not write? You promised to write if you recovered.'

"Did I not write?" he exclaimed, vehemently, 'I did so certainly, as soon as I could hold a pen!—two months after Koehler's departure; did you not receive it? In that letter, I entreated you to wait some time beyond the three years. I had still a voyage to make to enable me to offer you an independence. And you . . . now that I am again . . . Gabriella,—was it not possible for you to wait a short time?'

"No, not a short time, Rosenberg! The letter I never received; and, although I believed you to be dead, long before the three years were expired,—and God knows how I mourned for you,—I waited fully eight months longer. It is only within the last month that I have been—no longer yours."

"No longer mine!—and but one month ago you were true to me? God of Heaven! But I had a presentiment that the eternal contrary wind which delayed my return, would be death to my hopes! Gabriella!—you whom I love still, though you have torn my heart, tell me to whom do you belong?'

"Gabriella, who, overcome by the violent conflict of her feelings, had sunk back on the sofa, now raised herself. Her eyes wandered from Rosenberg to Arman, whom the former now first perceived, as he exclaimed, eagerly, 'Ah, is it he?'

"Yes," said Gabriella, with a firm voice, 'it is he! But from this moment, and for as long as I may live, I belong to no one!'

"No one!" exclaimed Arman. More he could not say; for sympathy and conscience drew his attention to the unfortunate Rosenberg, who, pale as a corpse, and poorer than when he stood upon the fragments of his shivered vessel, now without a

future, without hope, his love unreturned, disappointed, and deceived, stood on the sinking wreck of his own life."

"Rosenberg!—Arman!" said Gabriella, whose excitement at this moment gave her strength to fulfil the resolution she had taken, 'I feel that I am doing right;—now I see from whence came all those difficulties that constantly arose to separate Arve and myself: God would not permit our union. And I,—how could I from this moment be able to enjoy a single hour of real happiness with either of you! There is room in my heart for both,—but no longer for one alone. And now say—both of you—that I am right, that some comfort may still be left in the long life in which we shall all three share equally in the good and in the evil!'

"Rosenberg moved not. But Arve,—his sad countenance lightened by the noble spirit of self-sacrifice,—advanced to Gabriella. 'You have decided right!' said he, in a voice that faltered with the effort he made at his own cost to comfort her. 'You appear to me at this moment, Gabriella, as the loveliest and best of God's creatures; and, whatever I may suffer in years to come, I shall still have the remembrance of . . . God bless you, Gabriella! Thanks for all the happiness you have given me! I am one too many here.' He kissed her passionately, and, clasping the hand of Rosenberg, which the latter could not refuse, hastened on board the pinace."

To every individual in the narrative is the conclusion tragic; and we confess a feeling of dissatisfaction with the unhappy fate of Gabriella, implied in the last paragraph. It was more than was necessary: it makes that harrowing which was before sad enough. We conclude by advising all who seek an interesting and well-written novel to send for *The Rose of Tistelön*.

Memoirs of a Muscovite. Edited by Lady BULWER LYTTON. In 3 vols. London, 1844.

MORE than once we have had occasion to denounce the catch-penny system to which some of our fashionable authors have sold themselves, of putting their names to bad books, under the pretence of editing them, while, in sooth, the name is only affixed by way of loan to the publisher, for the purpose of entrapping the unwary, who may not look closely at the advertisements, into the belief that the name thus blazoned on the title is that of the author. But Lady LYTTON has now put on a very different mask. Being in fact the author, she has termed herself the editor only, doubtless hoping to evade the responsibilities which will attach to a publication that, from beginning to end, consists of coarse, disgraceful, and unfeminine attacks upon persons with whom she has quarrelled, and whom she chooses to assail in the cowardly shape of a novel, in which she paints them under a guise so transparent that nobody can mistake the identity. If Lady Lytton have no respect for herself, she ought to feel some regard for the credit of her sex, which is seriously impugned by such a sad exhibition of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, as is this "Memoir of a Russian Prince," which we can recommend nobody to read, because enough of talent will not be found in it to compensate for the disgust that will be felt for the writer.

Self-Sacrifice; or, The Chancellor's Chaplain.

By the Author of "The Bishop's Daughter." London, 1844. Bogue.

To exhibit the trials, the privations, the secret sufferings, the vexations of spirit, the thwartings, the humiliations, the sneers so hard to bear, the hopes deferred that make the heart sick, which are the lot of the poor curate, is the design of this fiction. Romance has invested the office of the clergyman with charms that have great attraction for gentle dispositions; but reality presents a very different picture. Toils and troubles, which the world scarcely recognizes, cross his path and infuse their gall into his cup. Not only must he endure much, but he must endure in silence. Complaint is inconsistent with his calling; he must wear the aspect of content, and calmness; a smile, if it be not found within, must sit upon his lip, however the heart may be oppressed and the spirit chafed.

Self-Sacrifice is a picture of such a lot, probably taken from the life, perhaps the result of sad experience. It paints the poor curate as he is, his calling as it exists, his troubles as they are, the trials of his patience and of his

virtue as they beset his path. As such it is an interesting and an useful work. But it does more than this: it forcibly describes the duties imposed upon those who undertake the sacred office; it impresses upon them that there is a higher object than preferment; nay, that without it there is a wide field of self-satisfaction before them in the very exercise of their duties. The hero of this narrative actually refuses preferment when it is proffered to him; and proves that this may be done, not only in obedience to the calls of duty, but consistently with happiness. The tale is beautifully told, going right home to the feelings, while the moral recommends itself to the reason. As a specimen of the style, we select a passage descriptive of the lot of

THE CITY CURATE.

"Cecil remarks, if I mistake not, that 'London is very peculiar as a ministerial walk. Almost all a minister can do is by the pulpit and the pen. His hearers are so occupied in the world that, if he visit them, every minute, perhaps, brings in some interruption.'"

"Its force vividly recurred to me during the period I was curate to one who occupied a prominent position among the pulpit orators of the day—the celebrated Barry Seckforde. Glorious was the intellect with which God had gifted him, and lofty were the purposes to which it was directed. Young, ardent, and impassioned; glowing with noble impulses and benevolent aspirations; of a temper rarely ruffled and easily appeased; unwearied in acts of mercy; and holding that charity, so truly scriptural, which led him ever to place the most indulgent construction on the acts and opinions of others: who could have foreseen that so bright a meteor would be so suddenly and sadly quenched?"

"His sermons were extraordinary; not for novelities in doctrine—for them he carefully eschewed—but for their effect upon his auditory. Trick and artifice and vehemence he repudiated. He held them to be beneath the notice of a Christian herald. His addresses were highly finished, but simple exhibitions, under different aspects, of the wondrous doctrine of the atonement. They were neither exciting nor startling, but subduing. It often struck me he had studied well the admirable injunction of Bishop Felton to his clergy:—'Steep your sermons in your hearts before you preach them.'"

"It was during the meridian of his powers, and at the zenith of his fame, when his chapel was crowded with the opulent and the influential, and the struggle to hear him twofold,—first to procure a seat, and next to retain it—that our professional intercourse commenced. Mine was thought an enviable appointment; and many and vociferous were the congratulations that reached me."

"How fortunate you may consider yourself to be connected with a man of such mark and eminence," cried one.

"How advantageous to you professionally, to labour in conjunction with such a gifted being," remarked another.

"So universally popular," added a third.

"And certain of reaching, eventually, the bishop's bench," concluded, with emphasis, a fourth.

"And then there arose a fresh chorus of felicitations on my 'truly eligible engagement.' But I speedily found reason to question whether grounds for congratulation really existed; and, ere long, arrived at the conclusion that a position more fraught with annoyance than that of curate to a highly popular preacher could with difficulty be found. Owing sometimes to indisposition, and sometimes to engagements elsewhere, and sometimes to his preparations for the pulpit being immature and incomplete—no one, by the way, was more jealous of his own fame, or less disposed to peril it by any crude or jejune production—I had frequently, upon hasty notice, to occupy his place."

"The array of blank faces which greeted me on such occasions was formidable. Some assumed an expression of downright anger, and all appeared more or less disconcerted; while, as myself, never did subaltern occupy more unwillingly the post of leader."

"Nor was it looks only that warned me of my hearers' dissatisfaction. Too often, for my own comfort, was it embodied in words. More than once I was stung by the remark, as I approached or quitted the pulpit—

"Oh, what a terrible disappointment! That is not Mr. Seckforde, but his curate." Or—

"What! have I come from one end of London to the other only to hear that man? Infamous!"

"Sometimes a portly and evidently incensed dame would observe, 'Well, Mr. Gooch! you're satisfied, I hope? 5s. 6d., Sir; 5s. 6d. for hackney coach hire; and we've come in for the journeyman after all!'

"Or the chaperone of a palpably mortified group would exclaim, 'What can that man mean by so de-

ceiving us? It's a dead take in. Who would walk four miles to hear him preach?"

"These rebuffs disconcerted me grievously. I did not then see that they were incident to my position, and ought to have been welcomed by a submissive spirit. My feelings were chafed; and under their irritating influence I, one morning, detailed to an aged minister my grievances, and avowed my determination to escape them by a dissolution of my engagement."

"In my last curacy," said I, peevishly, "my life was embittered by the decided preference shewn me over my rector, to whom my dismissal became at length indispensable. Here I am equally uneasy; but my discomfort arises from an opposite source—the boundless popularity of my superior. Never was there a clergyman so peculiarly unfortunate."

"The old pastor heard me without interruption; and as I wound up the catalogue of my sorrows, handed to me, with a smile, a volume of Quesnel, and pointed to the passage:—

"The sacred ministry is not a state of idleness or of pleasure, but a holy warfare, in which there are always toils and fatigues to be endured. Whoever is not resolved courageously to maintain the interests of Christ, and to labour continually to enlarge his kingdom, is not fit for this warfare."

"I left him, silenced, humiliated, and repentant."

Hoel Morvan; or the Court and Camp of Henry V.

By WILLIAM S. BROWNING, Author of the "History of the Huguenots," "The Provost of Paris," &c. &c. In 3 vols. London, 1844. Newby.

As a fiction, this work is wanting in interest, although the author has made lavish use of the materials of romance, such as courts, camps, battles, sieges, murders, and freebootings. Moreover, he has handled them with considerable knowledge of the historical and social features of the time, with due attention to costume, and with some artistic skill in the marshalling of adventures. But, with all these advantages, *Hoel Morvan* fails to sustain the reader's attention; its plot is unnatural; its pictures are unreal: its characters are elaborately-drawn portraits, not creatures of flesh and blood, breathing, living, moving, whom we feel to be companions and remember as acquaintances. Mr. Browning's talent is antiquarian and historical rather than imaginative. He can copy well, but he cannot create. As for the dialogues, though they have some wit and liveliness, they are too much like essays, and too little dramatic, to permit the author to take a permanent place among the novelists of the age. The time selected for the story is that which immediately succeeded the battle of Agincourt: the scene shifts alternately from France to England. The hero is the dare-devil of those days, and performs the offices so essential to the romancer, of coming and going whenever a difficulty is to be solved, and who appears at all times and in all places, without much calculation of distances and probabilities. He is *attaché* to one Sir Geoffrey Farnival, of England, who falls in love with Eleanor, daughter of the Queen of Henry the Fourth by a former marriage, and this introduces both into the scenes of which the romance is made up.

They who seek mere amusement and excitement should not borrow this new novel, but it may be read by those who desire to learn something, in an easy and agreeable shape, of the manners and history of the times in which the scene is laid.

The Forester's Daughter. A Tale of the Reformation. By the Author of "Semour of Sudley," &c. In 3 vols.

THE Rhine is the scene of this romance; and its castles, and crags, and dells, and grim old cities, are peopled with barons, and freebooters, and monks, and nuns, and soldiers, and priests, and merchants, and peasants, which are passed before us in a rapid phantasmagoria, clothed in the hues and having the aspect of life. With such materials an ingenious novelist could scarcely fail to produce a work to interest the reader; and few, we suspect, will open these volumes without perusing the narrative through its exciting varieties of adventure and fortune till the wonted close permits the reader to draw breath. It must be confessed, that the school of the authoress (that of Mrs. Radcliffe) is not the best; but we doubt whether it be not the most attractive to the patrons of the circulating library, and this is certainly a superior specimen of its class. It may be placed upon the borrowed list.

POETRY.

Polynesia: a Sketch in Verse. Second Edition. To which are added, *the Stars of Night, and other Poems.* By JOSEPH P. GIBBINS. London, 1844. Simpkin and Co.

IN his preface to this little volume, the writer tells us that he is just seventeen, that he is conscious that his poems are devoid of "purity of diction, and elegance of style," but he submits them with diffidence to the critics, hoping for indulgence on account of youth.

This is a plea which we cannot admit. It concerns not the reader of a poem, save as a matter of curiosity, what is the age of the writer. He reads to improve or amuse himself, not to gratify the author, and if the writing be neither improving nor amusing, the author is amenable to censure, whatever his age; publication was a voluntary act, and he thereby submits, not himself, but his book, as a book, to the judgment of the reviewers.

Mr. GIBBINS asserts that his poems are "devoid of purity of diction." Perhaps we have no right to dispute his own confession; but certainly we cannot number this among his faults. He possesses a great deal too much purity of diction and elegance of style; if he were more rude and rough of speech, we should have more hope of him. Evidently he has that fatal copiousness of expression—a very *diarrhea* of words, and that facility of rhyme, which are so apt to mislead a youth and his friends into a belief that he is a poet and a genius. Had not Mr. GIBBINS confessed the fact in his preface, we should have pronounced him young from the evidence of his verses, and from the same testimony we are compelled to conclude that, spite of his command of language, and readiness in rhyming, he is not, nor ever can be, a poet. And wherefore? Because from the first to the last page of the volume we have been unable to find one original idea, one thought that is not commonplace and hackneyed. Manifestly has he fallen into the error we have described above, of mistaking facility of verse-making for a genius for poetry. Far more hopefully should we have discovered the hardest rhymes, the most imperfect metres, the worst language, clothing some rough earth-incrusted gems of thought, which time and the world will polish, than the smooth metrical array of choice words, that sound sweetly but embody nothing.

Earnestly do we exhort Mr. GIBBINS to abandon poetry as a pursuit, it is not one in which he ever can sufficiently excel to invite the public to be his audience. We readily acknowledge, as his preface expresses it, "that the writer's leisure hours might have been occupied in less worthy pursuits than in endeavouring to pay a humble tribute at the shrine of Apollo." By all means let him cultivate albums in preference to the billiard-table, but he must remember that it is a very different matter to assume the character of an author and come before the public with a volume professing to give new thoughts to the world, and to challenge the sober judgment of critics upon his merits, not as a youth, not as a rhymester, not as a word-monger, but as the creator of new thoughts, to be added to the store which genius has already contributed for the pleasure and improvement of humanity.

RELIGION.

The Gospel before the Age; or Christ with Nicodemus. Being an exposition for the Times. By the Rev. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A., Author of "Luther," &c.

THE author of this treatise is the gentleman who is best known to the reading world by his cognomen of "SATAN MONTGOMERY," from the rhapsody, called a poem, which he formerly concocted and printed, of which his satanic majesty was the hero. He has now turned from scribbling prose in the shape of poetry, to poetry in the form of prose, and has indited the volume, named above, for the purpose of declaring his opinion upon the state and prospects of religion, his theory being, that the tendency of modern learning and civilization is to throw back the Gospel out of its proper place, which is to be before the age, into the rear of civilization. Thence he argues that all efforts should be directed to its elevation, but he does not very distinctly inform us what he means by that, nor by what process it is to be effected. His own creed is very indistinctly defined: he evidently shirks an explicit confession of faith; he is not High Church, nor

Low Church; in truth, he will not commit himself to either; probably he will remain in equilibrium until patronage shall turn the scale. Just now he has hope of it from Puseyism, and therefore dedicates his book to Mr. GLADSTONE. But this bait should not be swallowed; the body of the work hints enough of objection, and hesitates sufficient of dislike to enable him, should the chance occur, to go to the other side without being too obviously convicted of inconsistency. This volume is indeed a beautiful specimen of the practical application by Mr. MONTGOMERY, of the maxim, "Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."

EDUCATION.

Practical Grammar, or Composition divested of Difficulties; with select Examples from the Writings of elegant Authors. By G. JACOB HOLYOAKE. London, 1844. Watson.

ALL who are engaged in the work of education will acknowledge that a really Practical Grammar would be the greatest boon that could be given to them. "A man may as well pretend to originality in eating and drinking," says Mr. HOLYOAKE, in his preface, "as pretend to it in writing a grammar."

In this we can by no means agree with him. There are grammars without number, but which of them can be pronounced satisfactorily to perform its mission? A thoroughly good grammar is yet a desideratum in education, nor, though the one before us introduces some improvements, does it supply the defect.

It is not within our province to follow the scheme of Mr. HOLYOAKE through all its details. Enough to say, that he writes in a peculiarly pleasant and intelligible style, such as would be likely to engage the attention of youth, and seniors may read him with advantage and even with amusement, for his vein is singularly cheerful, and without a spice of dogmatism or pedantry. The concluding chapter on Composition contains some excellent instructions. He draws his instances, both of good and bad writing, from modern authors, and his remarks are shrewd and judicious. There are few who may not consult this portion of his little volume with profit.

There is so much useful advice in the following instructions that we cannot refrain from extracting them.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

"The *Northern Star* has been accustomed to print the following useful notice for the benefit of unpractised correspondents:—

"*Brief Rules for the Government of all who write for Newspapers.*—Write legibly. Make as few erasures and interlineations as possible. In writing names of persons and places be more particular than usual to make every letter distinct and clear—also in using words not English. Write only on one side of the paper. Employ no abbreviations whatever, but write out every word in full. Address communications, not to any particular person, but to 'The Editor.' Finally, when you sit down to write, do not be in a hurry. Consider that hurried writing makes slow printing.

"The neglect of any of these directions will often cause a communication, otherwise valuable, to be thrown aside. An editor has too much labour on his hands to be able to spare much time to decipher bad writing and guess obscure meanings, and if a communication is not correctly made out, the correspondent is offended—therefore, as an editor may offend after all his trouble, he wisely throws the communication away before he takes any.

"If you desire two or more paragraphs to be made out of one, place two crochets back to back thus—[]. All printers know this mark so well, that they will make the new paragraph without any other explanation or direction.

"What Mr. Brennan calls 'long-winded sentences' are the bane of composition. They are wearisome to read—difficult to understand, and almost impossible to correct. Long-sentenced communications are never revised, except by persons who are under great obligations to the writer, or have great friendship for him. This fault in writing prevents many useful articles from appearing in print. Editors cannot find time for the vexatious drudgery of re-writing such papers. Yet if a communication is unnoticed, people go about arraigning the venality of the press, when the ignorance of the writer was the cause of rejection. It is a common complaint, that editors strike out the best part of papers sent them, but this would be nearly impossible if the papers were written tersely."

We commend this little work to the patronage of parents and teachers.

Future Days, a series of Letters to my Pupils.
London, 1844. Hatchard and Son.

This is one of the *proper* books to which we have a great aversion; a collection of unexceptionable common-places, all very true and very good, but merely repeating that which every young lady is told again and again by her governess and her mamma, to which the pupil gives ready assent, but which she knew equally well before she was lectured. The difficulty with all young persons, indeed, with all persons of all ages, does not lie in learning what ought to be done, but in knowing how to do it, and this is precisely what books of the class before us never teach. It does, however, considerably intersperse anecdotes and biographical memoirs, which relieve the tedium of the didactic strain, but withal we cannot recommend parents and present-givers to waste their money in the purchase of it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Life in the Ranks. By Serjeant-Major TAYLOR.
London, 1843. Newby.

ANY man who has travelled twenty miles from his fire-side might make a very amusing book by simply telling what he saw and heard, and the reason why story-tellers so often fail to interest their audience is, that they do *not* describe things as they occurred, but seem to think it necessary to embellish fact with fiction, and to omit from their narratives all the minuter circumstances which give them reality, under a foolish notion that common things are mean, and ordinary events unworthy of record. How attractive, then, must be a well-told tale of adventure in strange-lands, amid the most exciting scenes, such as a soldier moves among in the land of the sun! Hence the attractions of Serjeant-Major Taylor's homely but faithful picture of life in the ranks. We can scarcely suppose that it was actually penned by him, but certainly his is the tale, and the *litterateur* who put it into shape for publication seems to have been inspired with his own simplicity. The work abounds in attractive matter, and will give more real pleasure than one-half of the mawkish romances with which persons try to beguile dull evenings. If our readers are pleased with the following specimens, they will send to their libraries for the Serjeant-Major's narrative, nor will they regret the hours passed with it, for they will gather a great deal of information as well as a great deal of amusement from pages which contain such descriptions as these:—

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

"The cavalry regiments in India are, for the most part, supplied with horses by the Arab and Persian dealers, who visit the presidencies twice or thrice a year.

"In 1833 I was sent to Pamwell, with a serjeant named Morgan, to meet one of these horse-dealers, and bring back about fifty head of cattle, which had been passed by the committee of inspection at Bombay. We were accompanied by a numerous body of Ghorra wallas.

"On reaching our destination, we found Abdallah Khorassan, the well-known Persian dealer, awaiting our arrival. He had pitched his tent under the shade of a large tamarind tree, near which stood a hackery, which served both as the travelling equipage and sleeping-place of his daughter.

"Report spoke highly of the beauty of this maiden, and the occasional glances we caught of her graceful figure, and tiny feet encased in slippers of green and gold, increased the desire we felt to behold her features. The jealous watchfulness of the father, who had only been prevailed on to allow her to accompany him on this expedition by the pressing entreaties of some of her mother's relations at Surat, who were anxious to see her, and the as wakeful vigilance of the driver of the hackery, who was an old and attached servant of Abdallah, combined, however, for some time to defeat our wishes.

"We were obliged to remain at Pamwell about a week, in order to await the orders of the commissariat, and during this interval we availed ourselves of every possible opportunity of obtaining a sight of the young Persian. Chance at length favoured my comrade.

"I should have mentioned that Morgan was the son of an old soldier, who had volunteered from the 17th light dragoons into our regiment, and who had passed most of his life in India. This young man was only seven years old when he arrived in the presidency, and as children are quick in acquiring languages, he was not long in obtaining such a proficiency in Hindostanee, that he spoke it almost like a native. He was a fine, dashing young fellow, about six feet in height, and one of the best horsemen in the regiment.

"Among the cattle which Abdallah had brought with him was a beautiful Arabian horse, valued at 500*l.*, which had been purchased from him by Major Mansfield, who kept a racing-stud at Poonah, and a cream-coloured pony, of the same breed, which was intended for a lady in Bombay, but who left it on his hands on account of the exorbitancy of the price asked for it. This latter was as vicious a little animal as I had ever met with, but an especial favourite with its owner, who had it attached to his tent, and never suffered it to be removed from under his own eye.

"Having formed a favourable opinion of Morgan's abilities in the management of horses, Abdallah asked him if he would undertake to lunge his pony for him. To this proposition the other joyfully assented, knowing that it would bring him into the immediate neighbourhood of the hackery, and perhaps give him an opportunity of conversing with the fair Persian.

"This propitious circumstance was not long in producing the desired result. As Morgan exercised the pony, he could detect a pair of bright eyes watching his movements through an aperture in the covering of the vehicle, and by degrees a sort of telegraphic communication was established between them. This, however, did not satisfy the ardent desires of the adventurous serjeant, and he eagerly watched an opportunity of having an interview with her.

"He had not long to wait. Learning that she usually left the hackery before sunrise, to perform her ablutions at a neighbouring stream, he cautiously followed her, and concealing himself behind the trunk of a large banyan tree, awaited a fitting moment to present himself before her. Ignorant of a spectator being so near, she removed her veil, and displayed features which at once rivetted the chains of the enamoured serjeant.

"On his making his appearance she screamed with terror, and hastily replaced her veil. Morgan addressed her in soothing tones, and assured her that his only motive in following her was to protect her from the tigers who were in the habit of descending to water from the neighbouring mountains.

"She thanked him for his kindness, and telling him she would inform her father of it, was about to return to the tents, when Morgan threw himself at her feet, and seizing her hand, poured forth the most extravagant protestations of love, and modestly entreated her to reward his devotion by eloping with him.

"The girl became terrified at his earnestness, and fancying he meant to offer her violence, she swooned away.

"The serjeant supported her in his arms, and soon revived her by sprinkling cold water on her face. He could not, however, help imprinting two or three kisses on her beautiful features whilst the opportunity offered, and it was the half-consciousness of this, or the novel sensation of finding herself in the arms of a stranger, that suffused her face and neck with deep blushes as she recovered animation.

"'Begone,' she faintly uttered, 'for if my father finds us thus, he will kill you.'

"'I will not leave you,' said Morgan, 'until you first promise me that you will turn a favourable ear to my prayers.'

"'Alas! Christian,' she replied, 'what would you have of me? The laws of your religion forbid you marrying any but a member of your own creed, and your mistress I can never be.'

"'And what is to prevent your becoming a Christian,' said Morgan, encouraged by the half-yielding tone of her reply, 'and thus removing the only obstacle to our happiness?'

"'Never!' cried the girl, with sudden energy, as she escaped his grasp, and fled with the fleetness of a fawn towards her father's tents.

"Morgan returned full of hope, and communicated to me the particulars of the morning's interview. I saw nothing in them to warrant the sanguine expectations he had formed; but he appeared convinced he should be able to conquer the girl's obstinacy, and told me he had made up his mind to carry her off.

"'Have you reflected on the consequences of the step you are about to take?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I shall probably lose my rank; but I shall have gained what I prize infinitely more.'

"We next day received the route for Kirkee, and set out the same evening for Choke, accompanied by Abdallah and his daughter. We reached Capolee, at the foot of the Borh Ghauts, on the following morning, and, after resting ourselves for the day, prepared to ascend these stupendous heights.

"Morgan led the advance with the Ghorra wallas, preceded at a short distance by the hackery. Abdallah and myself rode together in the rear, and, owing to the age of my companion, we made but slow progress compared with that of the remainder of the party. Morgan had at least three-quarters of an hour's start of us, and he took care to avail himself of it. On arriving at the platform which crowns the summit of the ascent, he managed to send the driver of the hackery to a neighbouring village, in search of provisions, and thus obtained another opportunity of conversing with the young Persian.

"On coming up with him I asked him to take charge of the lines, and then went with Abdallah as

far as the commissariat stores, to draw forage for the use of the cattle. The waggons containing the stores were situated at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the tents, for the convenience of water, and we were detained there about half an hour.

"On returning to the lines the horse-dealer proceeded straight to his tent, and the evening meal being ready, I sent one of the Ghorra wallas to look for Morgan. He was nowhere to be found.

"Being rather hungry, and impatient of delay, I sat down, but had not been many minutes at my meal when I saw Abdallah approaching, with an air of extreme alarm.

"On reaching me he demanded if I knew what had become of his daughter?

"'How should I know more than yourself?' I replied. 'I have not left you since our arrival here.'

"'Where is Morgan Sahib?' he anxiously inquired, as if a new idea had struck him.

"'I know not,' I answered. I have sent several persons to look after him, and he is nowhere to be found.'

"'Dogs of Christians!' said the old man, tearing his hair and rolling himself in the dust, 'you have conspired to rob me of my child. Oh that I should ever have been induced to trust her amongst you!'

"At this moment the driver of the hackery, who had been to the village to look for provisions, came running up to his master, and informed him that he had met Morgan, mounted on his favourite Arabian steed, with his daughter seated behind him. The horse was galloping at such a pace that it was impossible to arrest their flight, and the fugitives had taken the direction of the village of Wargam.

"Nothing could equal the distraction and fury of the bereaved father. He made three several attempts to stab himself, and it was only by force that I could restrain him. As soon as he was restored to something like calmness, he sent the whole of his followers down the Ghauts after them, naturally concluding they would take shipping at Pamwell, and proceed to Bombay. Instead of that, however, they dashed right across the country, and succeeded in baffling all pursuit.

"On arriving at head-quarters, I immediately made a report of the circumstance to the adjutant, and the father went to lodge his complaint before the colonel himself.

"Early on the following morning the Arabian, which had been taken, was sent to the barracks, with a note addressed to me, containing a request from Morgan that I would inform Abdallah his daughter was perfectly safe, and that he would make him the only reparation in his power by marrying her.

"This only served to exasperate the old man still more. He stormed and raved, and finally quitted the barrack, swearing by all his gods he would never see her again.

"Every effort was made by the authorities to discover the retreat of the fugitives, but in vain; and it was not till some weeks after that Morgan returned to his duty, accompanied by his young Christian wife, whose beauty became the theme of admiration amongst his comrades, and the envy of their wives.

"As the colonel could not overlook so glaring a breach of discipline, he had the serjeant brought before a court-martial, and he was sentenced to be reduced, and imprisoned for a short time.

"Owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case, and his previous irreproachable character, he soon regained his former rank, and his was amongst the few instances of happiness in the married state that have fallen under my observation in the army.

"Abdallah continued to visit the cantonments as usual, twice or thrice a year, but he never could be prevailed on to see his daughter again."

It would appear that the sports of the Roman circus, so famous in history, are rivalled by those exhibited in India, which the serjeant-major thus describes:—

ROME RIVALLED.

"Orders having been issued by the Rajah that the short sojourn of the detachment at Baroda should be rendered as agreeable as possible, various sports and athletic feats were got up for our amusement. An elephant fight was fixed for the day succeeding our arrival, and having been long curious to witness a spectacle of this sort, I made my way, about five o'clock in the morning, to a large plain in the vicinity of the town, where it was announced to take place. Here I found an extensive arena dug in the ground to the depth of from twelve to fourteen feet. On each side two small chambers, accessible only by a narrow aperture, were excavated, so as to afford temporary shelter to the chures or criminals engaged in this combat, in case the elephant should push them to extremities. Over the entrances to these chambers were suspended the arms of the chures, which consisted of two spears, a bow and arrows, a piece of red and white cloth, about three yards in length, and a shield of highly burnished steel, with coloured devices in the centre.

"At the western extremity, and close to the very edge of the arena, stood a platform, gaily decorated

with drapery of various colours, and crowned by a gilt canopy, containing a splendid velvet ottoman, fringed with gold lace, and having four enormous tassels of the same precious material. This was the Rajah's seat, and immediately on the left were placed two chairs for the resident and his sister, a young lady about nineteen, and possessed of great personal attractions. To the right were the places allotted to his highness's son and ministers.

"About six o'clock the discharge of artillery, and the discordant music of the native bands in his highness's service announced the approach of the Rajah. By this time the sides of the arena were thronged by thousands of turbaned spectators, but owing to the kind precautions of our princely entertainer, a place was set apart for the Europeans, and we enjoyed the spectacle without being crowded or in any way inconvenienced.

"On the Rajah taking his seat, the sable multitude made the usual obeisance, while the Europeans uncovered, and received his highness with other marked demonstrations of respect. Silence having been proclaimed, four criminals were brought into the arena, heavily chained, and they were asked by the Rajah whether they preferred death by strangulation to taking their chance of an attack from such savage beasts as he chose to let loose upon them. Desperate as it was, they of course preferred the latter alternative; and their irons having been knocked off, and their friends permitted to speak with them, they were ordered to prepare for action, and to choose their weapons of defence and attack.

"To Europeans unaccustomed to inhuman and brutalising scenes like these the painful suspense which precedes the arrival of the ferocious animal which is to be made the instrument of death or torture, is nearly as great as to the criminals themselves. The principal actors in the scene are kept in ignorance until the last moment as to which of the brute tribes their fearful antagonist belongs, and it may well be imagined that their state of mind during this brief interval must be one of intense anxiety. So sensibly was this apparent to me, and so strongly were my own feelings moved, that I would almost have preferred being in the place of one of those poor devils to remaining a passive spectator of such a scene. Shocked and disgusted, I would gladly have left the spot, had the crowd which blocked me up on all sides permitted me to do so.

"It was reported amongst us that a tiger or leopard would be let loose instead of an elephant; but this notion was soon put an end to by the appearance of a fine young animal of the latter species, which was led blindfold into the arena. At first young Chuny was not to be moved, but stood majestically regarding the vast multitude by which he was surrounded. One of the culprits commenced pricking him with his spear, while another tormented him by dancing the coloured cloth before his eyes; and the animal becoming enraged, at length turned suddenly on one of his assailants, who had barely time to evade him by darting into one of the chambers above described. He then gave chase to another, who avoided him with great nimbleness, and being driven mad by the joint attacks of his four persecutors, the sport was at its climax, when an accident occurred which added an unexpected and fearful interest to the scene. Two opulent natives, who had possession of the inner seats, not being satisfied with the view they enjoyed, pressed forward, in the excitement of the moment, to the edge of the arena, and, being pushed by others behind, accidentally tumbled in. The elephant instantly espied them, and, making for the spot where they lay prostrate, crushed one of them to death and tossed the other high in the air, his lifeless body falling in the midst of the gaping Mussulmans, and bruising several in its descent. The sun being now at its meridian, the Rajah ordered the sport to be put an end to; and his highness having, to their great joy, pardoned the criminals, retired with his attendants from the scene.

"On the following morning the sports were renewed with wild rams, who, after inflicting some severe contusions on their assailants, were dispatched, and a tiger substituted in their place. The latter had been recently caught, and though not full-grown, was strong and healthy. He was brought into the arena in an iron cage on a cart, the keeper being mounted on the top of the former, so as to let go the fastenings of the door at a signal from the Rajah.

"Two athletic young men, who had been condemned to death for a murder committed in one of the neighbouring villages, were led in heavily chained, and their fetters being knocked off, they were directed to furnish themselves with the necessary weapons, and to prepare to defend themselves. Each man took a spear, shield, and dagger, and the other preparations being completed, the tiger was let loose.

"On bounding from his cage the animal stood still for a few moments in the middle of the arena. A stuffed goat was thrown in to him, but he detected the cheat at once, and, walking two or three times round it, lay quietly down at a little distance. The men were ordered to attack him, and the foremost launched his spear at him, which grazed the beast's shoulder, and had the effect of thoroughly rousing

him. Uttering a deep growl, he bounded to his feet, and sprang on his assailants.

"The man who had wounded him with the spear, and who displayed extraordinary coolness and presence of mind throughout the affair, received him on one knee, his body being protected by his shield, and his right hand prepared to strike him with a dagger when a favourable opportunity offered. The tiger precipitated himself upon him with his whole weight, and laid him prostrate on the earth with his shoulder-blade broken by the blow. The furious animal was about to make quick work of him, when a well-directed arrow struck him in the head, and penetrating the brain, stretched him lifeless beside his intended victim. The wounded man was then removed, and the Rajah's pardon accorded to him and his companion.

"Satiated with spectacles of blood, we left Baroda after a sojourn of about ten days, and resumed our route through a country presenting a delightful variety of scenery, and extremely fertile. We reached the city of Broach after a pleasant march, and encamped on the northern bank of the Nerbudda."

REVIEWS OF UNPUBLISHED MSS.

Brutus: a Tragedy, in Five Acts.

SOME speculators once proposed to print the unacted Drama, and we believe that the work was actually begun, until its magnitude frightened the projectors from proceeding with their folly; but mightier still would be the task of him who should undertake to review the unpublished Drama. For one play that is acted, twenty are printed; and it may be safely asserted that for every one that is printed, one hundred are written.

The announcement that THE CRITIC would review unpublished manuscripts has deluged us with poetry and plays. We are besieged by epics and tragedies, for to nothing less do those geniuses aspire who are "born to blush unseen." The humbler the abilities the higher the aim. What a mountain of nonsense lies piled in our store-room among the waste paper—enough to occupy half the presses in the metropolis for a month. To read it would have been a life-long task. But then no manuscript has been thrown aside without inspection; each has been looked at with the purpose of inquiring into its merits. A glance at the leaf at which it chanced to open has been usually sufficient to shew the utter unfitness of the work for the public eye. Where such incapacity was not apparent upon the page, the manuscript was put aside for further scrutiny; and if then any merit was found in it, such notice as it seemed to deserve has been given of it in these columns.

Such has been the plan adopted in the conduct of this unique department of THE CRITIC, and upon the whole it has answered its purpose, and presented some things to the public eye which have been much applauded. Upon such a review it was that the drama of *Brutus* was selected from the heap, as it seemed to us to possess some merits, amid many faults, but of which our readers shall form their own judgment from the following, which is the second scene of the second act:—

A mountainous country near Rome. Time—Midnight.

Enter Brutus.

Brutus. I yet have seen no light,
Tho' I have paced the mountain full an hour
Towards the same star the Sybil told me of.
Long unaccustomed to my sword and shield,
I've stay'd my footstep on the mountain path
To hug these stranger playmates to my heart.
Oh, ye immortal gods! how sweet it is
To kiss the polish'd surface of my steel,
And laugh to see the form of Brutus there
Once more in arms.
Thy point is bent against the invulnerable rock,
Thou keen remembrancer of other days!
I will restore thy wonted shape ere long,
By contact of a different character.
Space makes invisible the crimson glare
Of Roman watchfires on the canopy,
And still the Sybil comes not.
Her tardy-footed action is too slow
For the swift wings of my expectancy.
Is my love less for freedom and revenge
That I grow thus impatient?
There was a time when it had been a joy
To ponder o'er the slumbering universe,
And steal a thought from Nature as she slept.
But now her volume is for ever closed,
And all my occupation is with man;
With man, my instrument to liberty,
And my devoted object of revenge.

Oh, God! Oh, God! say wherefore do I live?
I, that for twenty years have made this frame,
Great Nature's master-work, a thing for fools
To throw contempt and galling mockery at!
I that walk to and fro the streets of Rome,
With features empty and expressionless,
As is the face of one just new in death;
Nay more, much more,—for on the corse is seen
The index of its latest agony;
Derision or indifference at the change
From instant earth into eternity;
Or it may be, a smile or frown is there,
Even as it died in the embrace of Peace,
Or hostile to the Godhead.
Then wherefore do I live? Oh! answer me
Thou first and Uncreated! Effluence
Of air, or light, or element, unknown,
That perished in its glorious offspring's birth!
Oh! thou that made the landscape beautiful,
And earth in childhood with the sin of age!
Creator and Destroyer, answer me.
Or if there be a spirit in these wilds,
That has a care for mortal misery,
Come forth and answer me.
And I will crawl along the abject earth
In prostrate supplication like a worm,
And throw myself in ashes at your feet,
Even thus!

(Higher on the mountains, enter Sybil, with a light.)

Sybil. Lucius Junius!
Brutus. Who calls upon a name almost forgot,
And leaves the scoff-word out?
Sybil. She whom thou seekest
Calls upon a name that shall be glorious,
And stamp'd upon the records of all time.
Ascend!
Brutus. Say on; I listen.
Sybil. Approach!
The dead shall speak to thee, if thou dar'st hear!
Brutus. Dare! I have no dread,
As my presence here avouches.
Sybil. Thou art arm'd!
Brutus. Ay, against the wolf,
Or that which is more subtle, against man.
Say, shall I break my sword?
Sybil. Keep it; it thirsteth for the blood of kings,
And shall be satisfied.
Brutus. Sybil, say on;
My ear takes from my sense of sight,
And robs my tongue of utterance. I could tell
The breathing of the lion, from the tone
Of the wolf's aspiration.
Sybil. The past shall tell thee of the future.
Come, ascend!
Brutus. There is no path!
Sybil. Yea, there; turn by that rock;
There—now thou art where few have trod before.
There—now the path grows easy, and my cave
Is near at hand. Come. *[Exeunt.]*

Memoranda of a Continental Tour; Pictorial, Personal, and Political.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

The next day our tourists proceeded "up the Rhine." There is a lively sketch of that Noah's Ark,

A RHINE STEAMER.

"A Rhine packet is an interesting spectacle; it is a sort of modern ark, gathering within itself representatives of all varieties of the human animal. Thither they come, from every quarter of the globe, on a pilgrimage to the famous river. What a goodly assemblage in this fine steamer of the Cologne Company! Let us first see who are our fellow-voyagers.

"A plentiful sprinkling of English faces, to be sure, but not so many as might have been expected. Germans, there are, Frenchmen, Belgians, Italians, Russians, and Yankees. Such is the report of the first hasty glance at the circle. Let us survey them individually.

"Who is that short, thin-visaged, unsocial-seeming man, who sits by himself, poring over a book, then occasionally rising to speak to a mild, amiable lady, with a daughter by her side, whose glad eyes and pleasing, though not pretty face, are bright with the half-suppressed fun of fifteen; they are dressed so very plainly, yet there is about them an air of high breeding. Who can they be? Steward, will you tell us? They are the Earl and Countess of O——d, and Lady Dorothy W——, greeted by her noble parent with the unromantic abbreviation of 'Dolly.'

"It is impossible to mistake the couple seated near. They have a guide-book and maps spread open before them. They chatter without ceasing, comment on every cottage upon the banks, and search the map to see if they can find its name there. They are from France, perhaps on a wedding tour, though the bloom of youth has manifestly departed from both. That pale-faced youth, with a broad-brimmed hat, and a bush of hair hanging upon his shoulders, a seedy coat and trousers like sacks, is a German student, or a German who desires to be thought a student, a very numerous class in these regions. That mild, amiable-looking man, so plain yet neat in his attire, with two ladies, the one a matron, with a countenance as good and kind as his own, the other younger, with an intelligent eye, eagerly watching the scenery as it passes, are an English country clergyman, his wife, and niece. There is an elderly gentleman who breeds a laugh wherever he moves; he says the oddest things in the strangest way, addresses the waiters in a mongrel dialect, part French, part

English, part signs; is manifestly a wag, with a sufficient spice of the brogue to indicate his birthplace. He is an Irish merchant, has travelled much, understands things in general, and farming in particular; writes in the provincial newspapers, and has won some prizes at agricultural associations. He has taken under his protection a youth from the same land, a fine handsome fellow, just released from school and sent to travel, and whom he delights to quiz and tease on account of a trifling coxcombry of dress. Another Englishman, I' faith! What a pile of guide-books and maps at his side! You cannot mistake the intense cockneyism of the two ladies who accompany him: he discourses to them in loud tones of the places as they pass, and proclaims to every neighbour that he is an old traveller. His cap is set swaggeringly on his head; he prefers the longest and finest wares, is careless of pronunciation, and shews a dignified contempt for grammar. He is going to Strasburg, probably to sell some quack medicine, for a whey-faced little fellow occasionally laughs small at some wretched joke, and hails him as 'Doctor.' The youth, sitting with outstretched legs, his straps being too tight to permit of their being bent, with red hair, red moustache, and huge red beard, a caricature of a baboon, is a German dandy, so engrossed in the contemplation of his plaited trousers, laced waist, gloves, and stick, that he has no time to look at the views. (Such vermin are seen everywhere on the Continent.) But who are those two fine men with those three magnificent women? Observe the rich dresses of those ladies, note their extraordinary height and their graceful figures; their light hair, blue eyes, delicate complexion, but with faces somewhat too broad in proportion to their length. And the gentlemen, perfect in form, of the same fair complexion, but with still more prominent cheek-bones and too flattened noses; dignified in bearing, accomplished in manner. They are a Russian Princess and her suite, with a name defying memory, but ending in *ski* or *sch*, and their destination Wiesbaden. Next to them is one of the sweetest specimens of England's sweetest women, with her husband and child, a young happy pair, though there is in his cheek the tell-tale flush of consumption. They are going to Italy to winter; will he return to his native land again? Gathered in a group are six or seven youths, with light caps, holland coats, thick boots, and a portmanteau at each back, obviously en route for a pedestrian tour through Switzerland. Commingled with these more prominent characters are a multitude of nameless and unnotable personages, male and female, all eyes and tongues incessantly active, save those of one automaton, who sits with meerscham in mouth, breathing smoke, and pestering every one about him without pause even for a moment, save at meals, from dawn to sunset. He does not read, nor gaze; he sleeps not, smiles not, frowns not, stirs not, speaks not, but puffs away, as if the sole business as well as pleasure of existence were to smoke.

"The Rhine-boat in which this goodly company is gathered is comfortably fitted up with a spacious and well-furnished cabin, and an awning over the deck to shelter from sun or rain. But awning above, paddle boxes and chimney before, and wheel behind, sadly interfere with the picturesque, so, espying an unoccupied seat on the box of Lord O——d's baggage-wagon, which was stowed in the fore, I took possession of it, and from that height enjoyed an unimpeded view of the scenery all around me.

"And this is the Rhine! a river not wider than the Thames at Chelsea-Reach, its waters of reddish-yellow hue, its banks, for some miles after quitting Cologne, flat and uninteresting, few craft upon its stream, a long range of lofty mountains in the dim distance. And this is the Rhine! I felt something like disappointment."

We need not pause upon the passing pictorial glimpses he gives us of the scenery of the Rhine, we prefer one of the *personal* sketches

NEAR COBLENTZ.

"When Coblenz appeared in sight, the sun was low in the sky, and it was evident, from the listless attitudes in which our fellow-travellers were lolling about the packet, that they were weary of the excitement of gazing, and longed to have the view bounded by the four walls of an hotel *salle à manger*. When I quitted the lofty seat I had been so fortunate as to secure, Lady Dolly W—— was dozing;—her governess deeply immersed in the book of some German philosopher;—the Russian princess and her suite were yawning at one another; the Frenchman and his bride sat hand-in-hand, looking very honeymoonish; the student stared steadfastly at the heavens with eye in a fine frenzy rolling; my excellent friend, the rector, and his party, sat in a group and talked about what they *had* seen; the elderly Irishman tried to be funny, but could not make a joke, or the audience would not laugh; his young companion buttoned his Chesterfield and prepared to land; the quack doctor ostentatiously packed away his books and singled his luggage from the heap; the bearded dandy set moustache, beard, collar, and cuffs in order due; the pretty

Englishwoman insisted on her pale husband's going into his carriage, not to risk the evening air, and led him thither like a guardian angel. Not even the mighty fortress of Ehrenbreitstein looming in the distance can rekindle the faded curiosity of the company, nor will the reader regret to relieve the tedium of attempted outlines of the picturesque, by resting a night at Coblenz."

Here, of course, a night was spent. On the following day they proceeded upon their voyage, and amid the grandeur and loveliness of the scenes, our traveller noted the following.

CITS A-TOURING.

"While these beauties of scenery were flitting past, it was amusing at times to glance at the company in the packet. The city grocer and his fat wife were loudest in their exclamations of delight. 'Lauk, Mr. T. look! there's a castle; it reminds one so of Tower-hill; oh, my!'—says the lady. 'Them wines astonishes me,' replies her lord, 'to think that from them there scrawly things of plants we gets our hock and champagne;—it's wonderful.' 'Hock, Sir, hock if you please, but not champagne,' says the quack doctor, who had overheard the dialogue, and who never omitted an opportunity of displaying his travelling knowledge. 'I ought to know, for I've been up the Rhine four times and have it all by heart.' 'Pray, Sir,' asks the grocer, mistaking his pomposity for the grandeur of a baronet, at the lowest estimate, 'are you acquainted with foreign parts?' 'I should think so,' answers the quack, with a wink, 'why, the Rhine, Sir, as common to me as the Strand. What's the Rhine, Sir, after Italy?' 'Can you tell us, Sir, what they do with their gourds, Sir?' interrupted the grocer's wife. 'Make 'em into soup, Ma'am.'—'Oh! the nasty beasts! I'll never touch another drop of it,' exclaimed the lady, growing very red in the face. 'We grow gourds in our garden at Islington, but we don't eat 'em. I wonder if they *ignite* the blossoms here, as Mr. T. does at Islington, eh?' 'Ignite—ignite—beg pardon, ma'am, but I don't understand you.' 'Yes, Sir, *ignites* the plants—that's what they call it—to make 'em come to fruit.' 'Impregnate, the lady means,' I observed, perceiving the perplexity of both parties. 'Thank'ee, Sir; *ignite* or *impregnate* it's all the same.' 'Oh! no, my dear, said the grocer, 'in these hot countries they *ignites* themselves.'"

The reader is emphatically warned to shun, if his stomach will endure the fast, the abominations of

RHINE FARE.

"But if there be a prospect of landing within any rational hour of the day, let the traveller shun a steamboat dinner on the Rhine. It is bad in quality and deficient in quantity. The German cookery is strictly adhered to, though for one German there are ten guests of other nations, and the cookery of Germany is detestable. Sir Francis Head truly observed of it, 'that what is not greasy is sour, and whatever is not sour is greasy.' Every dish floats in oil, and in every sauce and gravy vinegar is the only perceptible flavour. The order of the courses, too, is most strange and perplexing to a foreigner. Let one meal suffice. First, there is soup, such as in England we should call very bad mutton broth; then, boiled potatoes, with their coats on, are eaten *alone*; then, a dish of mutton chops fried in oil, with spinach chopped to a mud and mixed with oil; then some slices of hard beef, baked to dryness, floating in oil, with a gravy as acid as vinegar itself, and an accompaniment of sour kroust; then puddings, *really* excellent, and in the making of which the Germans are without rivals, a solitary exception in their vile culinary character; then fish, commonly called pickled salmon; then duck and chicken, very small and very tasteless, basted with oil, with carrots chopped in oil; then beef again, with potatoes fried in oil; then, stewed pears and a good salad; then, a stinking cheese; then, a dessert, consisting of apricots, pears, grapes, apples, and a variety of sweetmeats of attractive aspect and excellent flavour, pre-eminent among which is a kind of large open tart of apricots and plums spread over a thin paste, a nice dish, universal in Germany, and the invariable accompaniment of the tea-table."

And occasionally

RHINE GUESTS.

"It was our misfortune to be seated at the *table d'hôte* next to the Russian party. What enormous appetites! They consumed every thing; the instant that a dish was laid before them, the whole of its contents were piled upon their plates, disappearing with marvellous rapidity, and then they would send for any half-consumed dishes upon other parts of the table and finish them also, though the parties before whom they had been originally set had contemplated a return to them. Whatever was handed round by the waiters they stopped by the way, and not a morsel was suffered to pass them, so that we obtained but scanty fare. If the plate from which they were eating was too full to admit of addition, they would fill another plate and put it aside till the first had been swallowed. And

when thus they had consumed, each one, the Princess not excepted, a provision for four persons, they half filled a tumbler with pepper-corns, poured brandy upon them, and swallowed the fiery draught without a wry face or a quickened breath."

It is a day's steaming from Coblenz to Mayence. At this latter city the party again rested for the night, and they went to see a *fête* given in honour of the governor's birthday.

A FÊTE.

"Learning that a *fête* in honour of the governor was to be held at Cassel, a suburb on the other side of the river, we crossed the long bridge of boats, and amid a mighty stream of holiday folk were carried to the spot. All the city was out to see the fireworks, and our anticipations were wound up to the highest pitch. By the soldiers had the exhibition been made, and it was conducted with military regulations. Soldiers lined the path to the seats, soldiers marshalled the comers in proper places, soldiers commanded too eager gazers to sit down and not impede the view of those behind them, soldiers discharged the fireworks. But such a display! An English country town on the fifth of November has a better one. The rockets were small and dull; the wheels and devices paltry in the extreme; half of them would not ignite; a great portion of the cases burst, and of those that went off at all, the fires were miserably red and tame. But the spectators applauded loudly, proving that they are not accustomed to better pyrotechny. They would be hissed out of the Surrey Gardens."

Hence by railway on the following day to Frankfort, which all who go up the Rhine should visit without fail. From the rapid picture here sketched of the free city and its sights, we select as the most novel the description of the

HOTEL DE RUSSIE.

"But one of the most interesting sights in Frankfort is the Hôtel de Russie, at which we were abiding. It was a rule with us, wherever we went, to conciliate the good-will of the most intelligent-looking of the waiters, and unbounded were the civilities we always received in return for our own. We were the first served; the best of every thing was provided for us; whatever there was of interest upon the premises was shewn to us; information of all kinds, and often most valuable advice, were given whenever asked; there were no bounds to their kindness. But let not the reader suppose that it was bought with silver, as civility is purchased at an English inn; we paid nothing more for it than a little chat now and then, the offer of a pinch of snuff, and a certain friendliness of manner, as if conscious that he was an assistant and not a slave, an intelligent human being and not a brute. At the Hôtel de Russie our special favourite was a young Swiss waiter, a spruce, handsome, good-humoured fellow, who had made himself master of three or four languages, besides a great deal of general information. From him we learned that the young waiters at the continental inns, whose good manners and intelligent talk had everywhere surprised us, were not mere hirelings, as with us, but the sons of middle-class men, apprenticed to learn the business of hotel-keeping, for which they were destined; and it must be observed that the Maitre d'Hôtel on the continent is a personage of no small importance, and generally possessed of considerable wealth. Our young Swiss said that we should be surprised at the splendour of the house in which we were residing, and it was the property of the hotel-keeper. He promised to conduct us over it, and took an early opportunity of doing so. Never were we more astonished. It was a palace. The staircases were of polished marble; many of the rooms were cased with the rarest marbles from the ceiling to the floor, and had niches in which were placed sculptures of great value, one beautiful Venus alone having cost the owner nearly 1,000*l.* of our money. Other rooms were profusely hung with pictures by eminent masters, selected with great knowledge of art, and at vast cost. The architecture and fittings up of this interior much resembled those of the Venetian palaces. The glass alone must have been worth a considerable sum. The building, indeed, had been once the mansion of a noble family, and the present owner had restored its faded splendours and furnished it anew with the worthiest productions of art and science. Before our departure, our obliging conductor gave us a list of the best hotels in our route, and in no single instance had we cause to complain of his recommendation."

On their return from Frankfort, they paid a visit to Wiesbaden. On the following day they once more embarked upon the Rhine, and it should be observed that the steamers afford peculiar facilities to travellers to view the interesting places on either side, by giving tickets which permit their holders to land wherever they please, and return at their own convenience at any time during the season. The

with drapery of various colours, and crowned by a gilt canopy, containing a splendid velvet ottoman, fringed with gold lace, and having four enormous tassels of the same precious material. This was the Rajah's seat, and immediately on the left were placed two chairs for the resident and his sister, a young lady about nineteen, and possessed of great personal attractions. To the right were the places allotted to his highness's son and ministers.

"About six o'clock the discharge of artillery, and the discordant music of the native bands in his highness's service announced the approach of the Rajah. By this time the sides of the arena were thronged by thousands of turbaned spectators, but owing to the kind precautions of our princely entertainer, a place was set apart for the Europeans, and we enjoyed the spectacle without being crowded or in any way inconvenienced.

"On the Rajah taking his seat, the sable multitude made the usual obeisance, while the Europeans uncovered, and received his highness with other marked demonstrations of respect. Silence having been proclaimed, four criminals were brought into the arena, heavily chained, and they were asked by the Rajah whether they preferred death by strangulation to taking their chance of an attack from such savage beasts as he chose to let loose upon them. Desperate as it was, they of course preferred the latter alternative; and their irons having been knocked off, and their friends permitted to speak with them, they were ordered to prepare for action, and to choose their weapons of defence and attack.

"To Europeans unaccustomed to inhuman and brutalising scenes like these the painful suspense which precedes the arrival of the ferocious animal which is to be made the instrument of death or torture, is nearly as great as to the criminals themselves. The principal actors in the scene are kept in ignorance until the last moment as to which of the brute tribes their fearful antagonist belongs, and it may well be imagined that their state of mind during this brief interval must be one of intense anxiety. So sensibly was this apparent to me, and so strongly were my own feelings moved, that I would almost have preferred being in the place of one of those poor devils to remaining a passive spectator of such a scene. Shocked and disgusted, I would gladly have left the spot, had the crowd which blocked me up on all sides permitted me to do so.

"It was reported amongst us that a tiger or leopard would be let loose instead of an elephant; but this notion was soon put an end to by the appearance of a fine young animal of the latter species, which was led blindfolded into the arena. At first young Chuny was not to be moved, but stood majestically regarding the vast multitude by which he was surrounded. One of the culprits commenced pricking him with his spear, while another tormented him by dancing the coloured cloth before his eyes; and the animal becoming enraged, at length turned suddenly on one of his assailants, who had barely time to evade him by darting into one of the chambers above described. He then gave chase to another, who avoided him with great nimbleness, and being driven mad by the joint attacks of his four persecutors, the sport was at its climax, when an accident occurred which added an unexpected and fearful interest to the scene. Two opulent natives, who had possession of the inner seats, not being satisfied with the view they enjoyed, pressed forward, in the excitement of the moment, to the edge of the arena, and, being pushed by others behind, accidentally tumbled in. The elephant instantly espied them, and, making for the spot where they lay prostrate, crushed one of them to death and tossed the other high in the air, his lifeless body falling in the midst of the gaping Mussulmans, and bruising several in its descent. The sun being now at its meridian, the Rajah ordered the sport to be put an end to; and his highness having, to their great joy, pardoned the criminals, retired with his attendants from the scene.

"On the following morning the sports were renewed with wild rams, who, after inflicting some severe contusions on their assailants, were dispatched, and a tiger substituted in their place. The latter had been recently caught, and though not full-grown, was strong and healthy. He was brought into the arena in an iron cage on a cart, the keeper being mounted on the top of the former, so as to let go the fastenings of the door at a signal from the Rajah.

"Two athletic young men, who had been condemned to death for a murder committed in one of the neighbouring villages, were led in heavily chained, and their fetters being knocked off, they were directed to furnish themselves with the necessary weapons, and to prepare to defend themselves. Each man took a spear, shield, and dagger, and the other preparations being completed, the tiger was let loose.

"On bounding from his cage the animal stood still for a few moments in the middle of the arena. A stuffed goat was thrown in to him, but he detected the cheat at once, and, walking two or three times round it, lay quietly down at a little distance. The men were ordered to attack him, and the foremost launched his spear at him, which grazed the beast's shoulder, and had the effect of thoroughly rousing

him. Uttering a deep growl, he bounded to his feet, and sprang on his assailants.

"The man who had wounded him with the spear, and who displayed extraordinary coolness and presence of mind throughout the affair, received him on one knee, his body being protected by his shield, and his right hand prepared to strike him with a dagger when a favourable opportunity offered. The tiger precipitated himself upon him with his whole weight, and laid him prostrate on the earth with his shoulder-blade broken by the blow. The furious animal was about to make quick work of him, when a well-directed arrow struck him in the head, and penetrating the brain, stretched him lifeless beside his intended victim. The wounded man was then removed, and the Rajah's pardon accorded to him and his companion.

"Satiated with spectacles of blood, we left Baroda after a sojourn of about ten days, and resumed our route through a country presenting a delightful variety of scenery, and extremely fertile. We reached the city of Broach after a pleasant march, and encamped on the northern bank of the Nerbudda."

REVIEWS OF UNPUBLISHED MSS.

Brutus: a Tragedy, in Five Acts.

SOME speculators once proposed to print the unacted Drama, and we believe that the work was actually begun, until its magnitude frightened the projectors from proceeding with their folly; but mightier still would be the task of him who should undertake to review the unpublished Drama. For one play that is acted, twenty are printed; and it may be safely asserted that for every one that is printed, one hundred are written.

The announcement that THE CRITIC would review unpublished manuscripts has deluged us with poetry and plays. We are besieged by epics and tragedies, for to nothing less do those geniuses aspire who are "born to blush unseen." The humbler the abilities the higher the aim. What a mountain of nonsense lies piled in our store-room among the waste paper—enough to occupy half the presses in the metropolis for a month. To read it would have been a life-long task. But then no manuscript has been thrown aside without inspection; each has been looked at with the purpose of inquiring into its merits. A glance at the leaf at which it chanced to open has been usually sufficient to shew the utter unfitness of the work for the public eye. Where such incapacity was not apparent upon the page, the manuscript was put aside for further scrutiny; and if then any merit was found in it, such notice as it seemed to deserve has been given of it in these columns.

Such has been the plan adopted in the conduct of this unique department of THE CRITIC, and upon the whole it has answered its purpose, and presented some things to the public eye which have been much applauded. Upon such a review it was that the drama of *Brutus* was selected from the heap, as it seemed to us to possess some merits, amid many faults, but of which our readers shall form their own judgment from the following, which is the second scene of the second act:—

A mountainous country near Rome. Time—Midnight. Enter Brutus.

Brutus. I yet have seen no light,
Tho' I have paced the mountain full an hour
Towards the same star the Sybil told me of.
Long unaccustomed to my sword and shield,
I've stay'd my footstep on the mountain path
To hug these stranger playmates to my heart.
Oh, ye immortal gods! how sweet it is
To kiss the polish'd surface of my steel,
And laugh to see the form of Brutus there
Once more in arms.
Thy point is bent against the invulnerable rock,
Thou keen remembrancer of other days!
I will restore thy wonted shape ere long.
By contact of a different character.
Space makes invisible the crimson glare
Of Roman watchfires on the canopy,
And still the Sybil comes not.
Her tardy-footed action is too slow
For the swift wings of my expectancy.
Is my love less for freedom and revenge
That I grow thus impatient?
There was a time when it had been a joy
To ponder o'er the slumbering universe,
And steal a thought from Nature as she slept.
But now her volume is for ever closed,
And all my occupation is with man;
With man, my instrument to liberty,
And my devoted object of revenge.

Oh, God! Oh, God! say wherefore do I live?
I, that for twenty years have made this frame,
Great Nature's master-work, a thing for fools
To throw contempt and galling mockery at!
I that walk to and fro the streets of Rome,
With features empty and expressionless,
As is the face of one just new in death;
Nay more, much more,—for on the corse is seen
The index of its latest agony;
Derision or indifference at the change
From instant earth into eternity;
Or it may be, a smile or frown is there,
Even as it died in the embrace of Peace,
Or hostile to the Godhead.
Then wherefore do I live? Oh! answer me
Thou first and Uncreated! Effluence
Of air, or light, or element, unknown,
That perished in its glorious offspring's birth!
Oh! thou that made the landscape beautiful,
And earth in childhood with the sin of age!
Creator and Destroyer, answer me.
Or if there be a spirit in these wilds,
That has a care for mortal misery,
Come forth and answer me.
And I will crawl along the abject earth
In prostrate supplication like a worm,
And throw myself in ashes at your feet,
Even thus!

(Higher on the mountains, enter Sybil, with a light.)

Sybil. Lucius Junius!
Brutus. Who calls upon a name almost forgot,
And leaves the scoff-word out?

Sybil. She whom thou seest
Calls upon a name that shall be glorious,
And stamp'd upon the records of all time.
Ascend!

Brutus. Say on; I listen.

Sybil. Approach!

The dead shall speak to thee, if thou dar'st hear!

Brutus. Dare! I have no dread,
As my presence here avouches.

Sybil. Thou art arm'd!

Brutus. Ay, against the wolf,
Or that which is more subtle, against man.

Say, shall I break my sword?

Sybil. Keep it; it thirsteth for the blood of kings,
And shall be satisfied.

Brutus. Sybil, say on;

My ear takes from my sense of sight,
And robs my tongue of utterance. I could tell

The breathing of the lion, from the tone
Of the wolf's aspiration.

Sybil. The past shall tell thee of the future.
Come, ascend!

Brutus. There is no path!

Sybil. Yea, there; turn by that rock;

There—now thou art where few have trod before.

There—now the path grows easy, and my cave
Is near at hand. Come. [Exeunt.

Memoranda of a Continental Tour; Pictorial, Personal, and Political.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

The next day our tourists proceeded "up the Rhine." There is a lively sketch of that Noah's Ark,

A RHINE STEAMER.

"A Rhine packet is an interesting spectacle; it is a sort of modern ark, gathering within itself representatives of all varieties of the human animal. Thither they come, from every quarter of the globe, on a pilgrimage to the famous river. What a goodly assemblage in this fine steamer of the Cologne Company! Let us first see who are our fellow-voyagers.

"A plentiful sprinkling of English faces, to be sure, but not so many as might have been expected. Germans, there are, Frenchmen, Belgians, Italians, Russians, and Yankees. Such is the report of the first hasty glance at the circle. Let us survey them individually.

"Who is that short, thin-visaged, unsocial-seeming man, who sits by himself, poring over a book, then occasionally rising to speak to a mild, amiable lady, with a daughter by her side, whose glad eyes and pleasing, though not pretty face, are bright with the half-suppressed fun of fifteen; they are dressed so very plainly, yet there is about them an air of high breeding. Who can they be? Steward, will you tell us? They are the Earl and Countess of O—, and Lady Dorothy W—, greeted by her noble parent with the unromantic abbreviation of 'Dolly.'

"It is impossible to mistake the couple seated near. They have a guide-book and maps spread open before them. They chatter without ceasing, comment on every cottage upon the banks, and search the map to see if they can find its name there. They are from France, perhaps on a wedding tour, though the bloom of youth has manifestly departed from both. That pale-faced youth, with a broad-brimmed hat, and a bush of hair hanging upon his shoulders, a seedy coat and trousers like sacks, is a German student, or a German who desires to be thought a student, a very numerous class in these regions. That mild, amiable-looking man, so plain yet neat in his attire, with two ladies, the one a matron, with a countenance as good and kind as his own, the other younger, with an intelligent eye, eagerly watching the scenery as it passes, are an English country clergyman, his wife, and niece. There is an elderly gentleman who breeds a laugh wherever he moves; he says the oddest things in the strangest way, addresses the waiters in a mongrel dialect, part French, part

English, part signs; is manifestly a wag, with a sufficient spice of the brogue to indicate his birthplace. He is an Irish merchant, has travelled much, understands things in general, and farming in particular; writes in the provincial newspapers, and has won some prizes at agricultural associations. He has taken under his protection a youth from the same land, a fine handsome fellow, just released from school and sent to travel, and whom he delights to quiz and tease on account of a trifling coxcombry of dress. Another Englishman, I' faith! What a pile of guide-books and maps at his side! You cannot mistake the intense cockneyism of the two ladies who accompany him: he discourses to them in loud tones of the places as they pass, and proclaims to every neighbour that he is an old traveller. His cap is set swaggeringly on his head; he prefers the longest and finest words, is careless of pronunciation, and shews a dignified contempt for grammar. He is going to Strasburg, probably to sell some quack medicine, for a whey-faced little fellow occasionally laughs small at some wretched joke, and hails him as 'Doctor.' The youth, sitting with outstretched legs, his straps being too tight to permit of their being bent, with red hair, red moustache, and huge red beard, a caricature of a baboon, is a German dandy, so engrossed in the contemplation of his plaited trousers, laced waist, gloves, and stick, that he has no time to look at the views. (Such vermin are seen everywhere on the Continent.) But who are those two fine men with those three magnificent women? Observe the rich dresses of those ladies, note their extraordinary height and their graceful figures; their light hair, blue eyes, delicate complexion, but with faces somewhat too broad in proportion to their length. And the gentlemen, perfect in form, of the same fair complexion, but with still more prominent cheek-bones and too flattened noses; dignified in bearing, accomplished in manner. They are a Russian Princess and her suite, with a name defying memory, but ending in *ski* or *sch*, and their destination Wiesbaden. Next to them is one of the sweetest specimens of England's sweetest women, with her husband and child, a young happy pair, though there is in his cheek the tell-tale flush of consumption. They are going to Italy to winter; will he return to his native land again? Gathered in a group are six or seven youths, with light caps, holland coats, thick boots, and a portmanteau at each back, obviously en route for a pedestrian tour through Switzerland. Commingled with these more prominent characters are a multitude of nameless and unnotable personages, male and female, all eyes and tongues incessantly active, save those of one automaton, who sits with meerschbaum in mouth, breathing smoke, and pestering every one about him without pause even for a moment, save at meals, from dawn to sunset. He does not read, nor gaze; he sleeps not, smiles not, frowns not, stirs not, speaks not, but puffs away, as if the sole business as well as pleasure of existence were to smoke.

"The Rhine-boat in which this goodly company is gathered is comfortably fitted up with a spacious and well-furnished cabin, and an awning over the deck to shelter from sun or rain. But awning above, paddle boxes and chimney before, and wheel behind, sadly interfere with the picturesque, so, espying an unoccupied seat on the box of Lord O—d's baggage-wagon, which was stowed in the fore, I took possession of it, and from that height enjoyed an unimpeded view of the scenery all around me.

"And this is the Rhine! a river not wider than the Thames at Chelsea-Reach, its waters of reddish-yellow hue, its banks, for some miles after quitting Cologne, flat and uninteresting, few craft upon its stream, a long range of lofty mountains in the dim distance. And this is the Rhine! I felt something like disappointment."

We need not pause upon the passing pictorial glimpses he gives us of the scenery of the Rhine, we prefer one of the *personal* sketches

NEAR COBLENTZ.

"When Coblenz appeared in sight, the sun was low in the sky, and it was evident, from the listless attitudes in which our fellow-travellers were lolling about the packet, that they were weary of the excitement of gazing, and longed to have the view bounded by the four walls of an hotel *salle à manger*. When I quitted the lofty seat I had been so fortunate as to secure, Lady Dolly W— was dozing;—her governess deeply immersed in the book of some German philosopher;—the Russian princess and her suite were yawning at one another; the Frenchman and his bride sat hand-in-hand, looking very honeymoonish; the student stared steadfastly at the heavens with eye in a fine frenzy rolling; my excellent friend, the rector, and his party, sat in a group and talked about what they had seen; the elderly Irishman tried to be funny, but could not make a joke, or the audience would not laugh; his young companion buttoned his Chesterfield and prepared to land; the quack doctor ostentatiously packed away his books and singled his luggage from the heap; the bearded dandy set moustache, beard, collar, and cuffs in order due; the pretty

Englishwoman insisted on her pale husband's going into his carriage, not to risk the evening air, and led him thither like a guardian angel. Not even the mighty fortress of Ehrenbreitstein looming in the distance can rekindle the faded curiosity of the company, nor will the reader regret to relieve the tedium of attempted outlines of the picturesque, by resting a night at Coblenz."

Here, of course, a night was spent. On the following day they proceeded upon their voyage, and amid the grandeur and loveliness of the scenes, our traveller noted the following.

CITS A-TOURING.

"While these beauties of scenery were flitting past, it was amusing at times to glance at the company in the packet. The city grocer and his fat wife were loudest in their exclamations of delight. 'Lauk, Mr. T. look! there's a castle; it reminds one so of Tower-hill; oh, my!'—says the lady. 'Them wines astonishes me,' replies her lord, 'to think that from them there scrawly things of plants we gets our hock and champagne;—it's wonderful.' 'Hock, Sir, hock if you please, but not champagne,' says the quack doctor, who had overheard the dialogue, and who never omitted an opportunity of displaying his travelling knowledge. 'I ought to know, for I've been up the Rhine four times and have it all by heart.' 'Pray, Sir,' asks the grocer, mistaking his pomposity for the grandeur of a baronet, at the lowest estimate, 'are you acquainted with foreign parts?' 'I should think so,' answers the quack, with a wink, 'why, the Rhine's as common to me as the Strand. What's the Rhine, Sir, after Italy?' 'Can you tell us, Sir, what they do with their gourds, Sir?' interrupted the grocer's wife. 'Make 'em into soup, Ma'am.'—'Oh! the nasty beasts! I'll never touch another drop of it,' exclaimed the lady, growing very red in the face. 'We grow gourds in our garden at Islington, but we don't eat 'em. I wonder if they *ignite* the blossoms here, as Mr. T. does at Islington, eh?' 'Ignite—ignite—beg pardon, ma'am, but I don't understand you.' 'Yes, Sir, *ignites* the plants—that's what they call it—to make 'em come to fruit.' 'Impregate, the lady means,' I observed, perceiving the perplexity of both parties. 'Thank'ee, Sir; *ignite* or *impregate* it's all the same.' 'Oh! no, my dear, said the grocer, 'in these hot countries they *ignites* themselves.'"

The reader is emphatically warned to shun, if his stomach will endure the fast, the abominations of

RHINE FARE.

"But if there be a prospect of landing within any rational hour of the day, let the traveller shun a steamboat dinner on the Rhine. It is bad in quality and deficient in quantity. The German cookery is strictly adhered to, though for one German there are ten guests of other nations, and the cookery of Germany is detestable. Sir Francis Head truly observed of it, 'that what is not greasy is sour, and whatever is not sour is greasy.' Every dish floats in oil, and in every sauce and gravy vinegar is the only perceptible flavour. The order of the courses, too, is most strange and perplexing to a foreigner. Let one meal suffice. First, there is soup, such as in England we should call very bad mutton broth; then, boiled potatoes, with their coats on, are eaten *alone*; then, a dish of mutton chops fried in oil, with spinach chopped to a mud and mixed with oil; then some slices of hard beef, baked to dryness, floating in oil, with a gravy as acid as vinegar itself, and an accompaniment of sour krout; then puddings, *really* excellent, and in the making of which the Germans are without rivals, a solitary exception in their vile culinary character; then fish, commonly called pickled salmon; then duck and chicken, very small and very tasteless, basted with oil, with carrots chopped in oil; then beef again, with potatoes fried in oil; then, stewed pears and a good salad; then, a stinking cheese; then, a dessert, consisting of apricots, pears, grapes, apples, and a variety of sweetmeats of attractive aspect and excellent flavour, pre-eminent among which is a kind of large open tart of apricots and plums spread over a thin paste, a nice dish, universal in Germany, and the invariable accompaniment of the tea-table."

And occasionally

RHINE GUESTS.

"It was our misfortune to be seated at the table *d'hôte* next to the Russian party. What enormous appetites! They consumed every thing; the instant that a dish was laid before them, the whole of its contents were piled upon their plates, disappearing with marvellous rapidity, and then they would send for any half-consumed dishes upon other parts of the table and finish them also, though the parties before whom they had been originally set had contemplated a return to them. Whatever was handed round by the waiters they stopped by the way, and not a morsel was suffered to pass them, so that we obtained but scanty fare. If the plate from which they were eating was too full to admit of addition, they would fill another plate and put it aside till the first had been swallowed. And

when thus they had consumed, each one, the Princess not excepted, a provision for four persons, they half filled a tumbler with pepper-corns, poured brandy upon them, and swallowed the fiery draught without a wry face or a quickened breath."

It is a day's steaming from Coblenz to Mayence. At this latter city the party again rested for the night, and they went to see a *fête* given in honour of the governor's birthday.

A FÊTE.

"Learning that a *fête* in honour of the governor was to be held at Cassel, a suburb on the other side of the river, we crossed the long bridge of boats, and amid a mighty stream of holiday folk were carried to the spot. All the city was out to see the fireworks, and our anticipations were wound up to the highest pitch. By the soldiers had the exhibition been made, and it was conducted with military regulations. Soldiers lined the path to the seats, soldiers marshalled the comers in proper places, soldiers commanded too eager gazers to sit down and not impede the view of those behind them, soldiers discharged the fireworks. But such a display! An English country town on the fifth of November has a better one. The rockets were small and dull; the wheels and devices paltry in the extreme; half of them would not ignite; a great portion of the cases burst, and of those that went off at all, the fires were miserably red and tame. But the spectators applauded loudly, proving that they are not accustomed to better pyrotechny. They would be hissed out of the Surrey Gardens."

Hence by railway on the following day to Frankfort, which all who go up the Rhine should visit without fail. From the rapid picture here sketched of the free city and its sights, we select as the most novel the description of the

HOTEL DE RUSSIE.

"But one of the most interesting sights in Frankfort is the Hôtel de Russie, at which we were abiding. It was a rule with us, wherever we went, to conciliate the good-will of the most intelligent-looking of the waiters, and unbounded were the civilities we always received in return for our own. We were the first served; the best of every thing was provided for us; whatever there was of interest upon the premises was shewn to us; information of all kinds, and often most valuable advice, were given whenever asked; there were no bounds to their kindness. But let not the reader suppose that it was bought with silver, as civility is purchased at an English inn; we paid nothing more for it than a little chat now and then, the offer of a pinch of snuff, and a certain friendliness of manner, as if conscious that he was an assistant and not a slave, an intelligent human being and not a brute. At the Hôtel de Russie our special favourite was a young Swiss waiter, a spruce, handsome, good-humoured fellow, who had made himself master of three or four languages, besides a great deal of general information. From him we learned that the young waiters at the continental inns, whose good manners and intelligent talk had everywhere surprised us, were not mere hirelings, as with us, but the sons of middle-class men, apprenticed to learn the business of hotel-keeping, for which they were destined; and it must be observed that the Maitre d'Hôtel on the continent is a personage of no small importance, and generally possessed of considerable wealth. Our young Swiss said that we should be surprised at the splendour of the house in which we were residing, and it was the property of the hotel-keeper. He promised to conduct us over it, and took an early opportunity of doing so. Never were we more astonished. It was a palace. The staircases were of polished marble; many of the rooms were cased with the rarest marbles from the ceiling to the floor, and had niches in which were placed sculptures of great value, one beautiful Venus alone having cost the owner nearly 1,000*l.* of our money. Other rooms were profusely hung with pictures by eminent masters, selected with great knowledge of art, and at vast cost. The architecture and fittings up of this interior much resembled those of the Venetian palaces. The glass alone must have been worth a considerable sum. The building, indeed, had been once the mansion of a noble family, and the present owner had restored its faded splendours and furnished it anew with the worthiest productions of art and science. Before our departure, our obliging conductor gave us a list of the best hotels in our route, and in no single instance had we cause to complain of his recommendation."

On their return from Frankfort, they paid a visit to Wiesbaden. On the following day they once more embarked upon the Rhine, and it should be observed that the steamers afford peculiar facilities to travellers to view the interesting places on either side, by giving tickets which permit their holders to land wherever they please, and return at their own convenience at any time during the season. The

passage from Mayence is very uninteresting, and the company have little else to do than to scrutinize one another. Our author gives us the results of his observations.

FELLOW TRAVELLERS.

"There was something about the smoking German whom I have before noted, a sublime of apathy, a heroism of inattention to the varied forms of nature through which we had passed, that interested me amazingly. Who is he? What his calling? Whence does he come? Whither is he going? Has he a tongue? Is he in possession of his five senses? I addressed him, after the English fashion,—‘A fine day to-day, Sir.’ He puffed forth a volume of smoke, and without taking the meerschaum from his lips, replied in tolerable English, ‘It generally is when the sun shines.’ He was a humorist then. Nothing daunted, I followed up the attack. ‘You speak English very well.’ Another puff. ‘I hate speaking; I never talk.’ ‘Indeed, what do you do?’ ‘Think;’ and he turned away with an unmistakable expression of resolve not to be disturbed in his meditations. I took the hint, and joined the grocer and his wife, who were still lost in admiration of the abilities of the quack doctor. He was treating them with a dissertation on things in general, beginning every sentence with one subject and ending it with another. Just then the theme was the education of children. It seemed that the man of pills had two girls at a school at Strasburg, and he was recommending the grocer to send a few of his hopeful family to the same establishment. To this the lady demurred; she wouldn’t have her girls brought up with foreign notions; a governess, and a finish at Euston-square, or perhaps at Blackheath, was to her mind the best dedication in the world. ‘Our girls,’ she added, ‘don’t know what wice is; their minds is in a perfect state of nudity, thank God.’ The good lady amused us with a multitude of such malapropisms, which have escaped my memory; but one is too rich to be omitted. Something being said about Puseyism and the Bishop of Exeter, she expressed herself an enthusiastic admirer of that prelate, who, she said, ‘is a firebrand of the church.’ It is not often that a mistaken epithet is so applicable.”

But here we must pause for the present, promising, however, to return to these unpublished pages.

LONDON LIBRARY.—The third annual meeting of the members of this society was held on Saturday, at the rooms of the institution, Pall-mall. The Right Honourable the Earl of Clarendon presided, supported by Lord Lyttelton, the Honourable Mr. Cowper, the Rev. H. H. Millman, M.A., prebendary of Westminster, the Rev. C. Smith, and several members. The noble chairman, in the course of a brief introductory address, congratulated the members on the state of the society, and added, that their munificent patron, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, had recently visited the Library, and expressed himself much gratified with its progress, and the evidence that the shelves afforded of the rapidly-increasing taste for the study of German literature. Mr. Cochrane, the secretary, then read the report. It stated that the committee felt great pleasure in reporting to the subscribers the satisfactory progress of the library during the past year. The receipts had been 2,078*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.*; the expenditure 1,786*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, leaving a balance of 292*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* in the hands of the treasurer. Compared with the preceding year, there was an increase of income of 250*l.* Some part of this arose from the increased number of commutations of the annual subscriptions. The number of new members elected within the last year was 86, being an increase of 14 on the number who joined the library in the preceding year; 15 new members had also been added to the subscription list since May 1. The second supplement to the catalogue published within the last fortnight, increased the number of volumes in the library to a total of nearly 20,000. The circulation of books during the past year was 22,696 volumes. The report having been adopted, some routine business was transacted, and the meeting dispersed, after passing a vote of thanks to the chairman, who briefly acknowledged the compliment.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

DAY AND NIGHT.

Greetings unto thee, Day! In rapture rise
The poet's thoughts to thee, for whom his eyes
Are love-sick. If one glory they have missed,
Strike them with thy gold wand. Thy presence buys
A world-full of unsyllabled delight.
In thy rich cloisters maiden buds are kissed
By beggar bees. Thou tempt'st their tiny sight
With candied breakfasts. Thou art their high priest;
And when thou guid'st them to their incense, then
Thou hast their humming worship. Come to men
In sunlight, Day; the sunlight gladdens them,
And they were shaped for joy. Or, when in storms

God strikes the thunder-drum, and lightning warns
A fever in thy veins, be doubly joyous after;
Be doubly beautiful, and let the hem
Upon thy garment be a rainbow gem.
Thy children's merry and delicious laughter
Rings in thy nursery when thou art fair—
Thy children, which are birds. Let the skies speak
How those wild swingers swing upon the air,
Mirth-drunken, while their winnowing pinions break
The glittering atoms that ride everywhere.
Day! when a babbling child I learnt the tale
That beauty's not all thine! No, thou hast given
Thy Malibran away—the nightingale,
Who flutters silence with a voice from heaven!
Night! let me shake thy inky painted hand:
A poet is of universal kin,
Lovingly made. The Indian hangs a band
Of shining toys around his swarthy skin;
But thou, who art a swarthier Indian far,
Dost string thy girdle up of many a star,
That flashes on thee. Brilliant is thy hall,
Whose azure ceiling by a silver bar
Seems ever propped. This sky-schooled thoughts-
men call

The “milky way.” Thou grandeur giv'st away and
tak'st;
While at thy palace-door thou mutely shak'st
Dew-jewels on the world, in strong delight.
Thou dost fast-close the windows of some flowers,
And then thy brother Day, to give them sight,
Takes their green shutters down. This sod of ours
Hath married daughters, who regret to miss
The sun, which is their princely husband. Bliss
Is twin-born with all great and lofty thought;
And Night is a thought-waker. I have caught
The angels in my fancy's web, and sported
With them, when Night hath hung its moon-lamp
out.

A soul in its ideal race transported
Was mine lang syne. Ye busy phantoms, shout,
And span the universe of thought; about
Fling dreams in multitudes. He who hath courted
Rich visions once will court them still: their stir
Is breath and life to beauty's worshipper.

E. H. BARRINGTON.

MUSIC.

New Publications.

The Church of our Fathers. The Poetry by ROBERT STORRY, Esq. and Music by ROBERT GUYLOTT. J. A. Turner, 19, Poultry.

THE listener is immediately attracted by the opening symphony of this ballad, which seems to whisper “silence,” as it rivets the listener's attention. The words are breathed in a simple majestic air, not unlike the character of a march, with few variations of notes, and, in some parts, having a pleasantly harmonized accompaniment. Who will not admire and sympathize with the poetry?

“Half screened by its trees, in the sabbath's calm smile,
The church of our fathers, how meekly it stands!
Oh! villagers gaze on the old hallowed pile,
It was dear to their hearts, it was raised by their hands.
Who loves not the place where they worshipp'd their
God?”

Who loves not the ground where their ashes repose?
Dear even the daisy that blooms on the sod,
For dear is the dust out of which it arose.

Then say! shall the church that our forefathers built,
Which the tempests of ages have battered in vain,
Abandoned by us, from supineness or guilt—
Oh! say shall it fall by the rash and profane?

No! perish the impious hand that would take
One shred from its altars, one stone from its towers:
The life-blood of martyrs hath flowed for its sake,
And its fall (if it fall) shall be reddened with ours.”

The vocalist must not throw down *The Church of our Fathers* after one trial; he will like it more on the second reading, and, after the third, most probably will not regret his two shillings. We confidently recommend Mr. GUYLOTT's ballad to our musical friends.

ART.

Summary.

LITTLE that is deserving of particular mention in this department of our journal has occurred since our last. A committee of the House of Commons has been appointed to examine into, and report upon Art-Unions, prior to the passing of any legislative enactment concerning them. The printers of the metropolis, backed by not a few of their dependents, the engravers, considering this a favourable opportunity for endeavouring to overturn such institutions, and thus recover the monopoly they

had but too long for the interest of the public, and indeed of art, enjoyed, have held a meeting, whereat they passed resolutions, to which reflective and observant persons will attach but little weight, and got up a petition to Parliament, setting forth imaginary injuries which have resulted to the arts from the establishment of such societies. What consideration their objections will receive, remains to be seen. One of the most interesting of the exhibitions now open is that of the Raffaele tapestries in Piccadilly. They are undoubtedly the original ones, excepting two, which, though of the same age, we are assured are spurious, by a party who has spent the greater part of his life in the study of this master, and is therefore competent to speak authoritatively on such a question. The approaching competition of cartoons begins now to form the subject of speculation among artists and the connoisseurs. Almost all the leading talent of the day is engaged in this great experiment;—for such with British artists it unquestionably is.

New Publications.

Glyphography; or Engraved Drawing, for printing at the Press after the manner of Wood-cuts; with full directions for Artists, Engravers, and Amateurs. By EDWARD PALMER. London, 1844.

OF the many important advantages which have resulted from the electro-metallurgic process, the discovery of Glyphography is not the least considerable.

The manual part of this art being similar in its nature to etching, from certain mechanical obstacles common to both, it would seem unadapted for large and delicate works; but for the illustration of books it is especially fitted, and though as yet in its infancy, it threatens to prove a successful rival against wood-engraving. Not that it offers any features, as regards artistic excellence, superior to the latter, for we cannot perceive that it does; but with equal merits, or nearly so, in this point of view, it holds out as an inducement for giving to it the preference, a very considerable saving of time and labour, and consequently a diminution of expense. In the printing also it has obvious advantages over the wood-block; for it is asserted in this work that “upwards of 70,000 have been taken from one copper without altering in the least degree its sharpness,”—a number never struck from a wood-cut without a marked deterioration. As an insight to the manner in which the process of Glyphography is conducted may be interesting to our readers, we transcribe at length the detail of it, as given in these pages.

“A piece of ordinary copper-plate, such as is used for engraving, is stained black on one side, over which is spread a very thin layer of a white opaque composition, somewhat resembling white wax both in nature and appearance: this done, the plate is ready for use.

“In order to draw properly on these plates, various sorts of points are used, which remove, wherever they are passed, a portion of the white composition, whereby the blackened surface of the plate is exposed, forming a contrast with the surrounding white ground, so that the artist sees his effect at once.”

The drawing is then made on the composition, either boldly at once, or after tracing on the subject from a previous drawing on paper, as may be preferred:—

“This being completed, the plate is put into the hands of one who minutely and carefully inspects it, to see that no part of the work has been damaged, or filled in with dirt or dust; from thence it passes into the hands of a third person, by whom it is brought in contact with a substance having a chemical affinity for the remaining portions of the composition thereon, whereby they are heightened *ad libitum*. Thus by a careful manipulation, the lights of the drawing become thickened all over the plate equally, and the main difficulty is at once overcome. The depth of these non-printing portions of the block must be proportionate to their width; consequently the larger breadths of lights require to be thickened on the plate to a much greater extent, in order to produce this depth. This part of the process is purely mechanical and easily accomplished.

“It is indispensably necessary that the printing surfaces of a block prepared for the press should project in such relief from the block itself as shall prevent the inking-roller touching the interstices of the

same while passing over them; this is accomplished in wood-engraving by cutting out these intervening parts, which form the *lights* of a print to a sufficient depth; but in Glyphography the depth of these parts is formed by the remaining portions of the white composition on the plate, analogous to the thickness or length of which must be the depth on the block, seeing that the latter is, in fact, a cast or reverse of the former. But if this composition were spread on the plate as thickly as required for this purpose, it would be impossible for the artist to put either close, fine, or free work thereon; consequently the thinnest possible coating is put on the plate previously to the drawing being made, and the required thickness obtained ultimately as described.

"The plate thus prepared is again carefully inspected through a powerful lens, and closely scrutinized, to see that it is ready for the next stage of the process, which is to place it in a trough, and submit it to the action of a galvanic battery, by means of which copper is deposited into the indentations thereof, and continuing to fill them up, it gradually spreads itself all over the surface of the composition until a sufficiently thick plate of copper is obtained, which on being separated will be found to be a perfect cast of the drawing which formed the *clichee*."

"Lastly, the metallic plate thus produced is mounted on wood, to bring it to the height of the printer's type. This completes the process, and the glyphographic block is now ready for the press."

Such is the method by which these plates are produced. Excepting that the matrix in this case is of a composition resembling wax, instead of being a metallic one, the formation of the plate by precipitation, through galvanic action, it will be seen, is precisely similar to the Electrotype.

The work before us is handsomely got up, and profusely illustrated with examples in most of the walks of art; such as figure-pieces, landscapes, specimens of natural history, architectural subjects, &c. &c., which are generally executed with spirit and fidelity to nature, while collectively they afford a very fair test of the capabilities of the art. To a sketch of a falcon, by W. S. Wilkinson (on page fifteen), we venture to call attention; rarely, even in the best of Bewick's wood-cuts, have we seen the texture of plumage so happily conveyed as it is here. "Give a poor dog a bone," "Irish Peasants," and a landscape by Charles Saines, are also deserving of especial mention. The weakest part of the specimens, and, we thence conclude, of Glyphography itself, is a *rottenness* and spottiness of the *lights*, which probably further experience in the art will enable those who practise it to remedy; but on the other hand, for force, freedom, and depth of colour, there are but few wood-cuts that in excellence approach these plates. A number of temperately written and apparently honest testimonials to the value of Glyphography, from distinguished artists and printers, are appended to this work.

To the consideration of all parties about to publish illustrated books; to draughtsmen who, for pleasure or profit, have heretofore been in the practice of etching; and to such of our readers as, having a scientific turn, are curious to experiment in this entertaining and valuable art, we cordially recommend this book.

INCREASED VALUE OF DUTCH PICTURES. TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—The sale of the late Mr. Harman's collection of pictures having for the last fortnight occupied the attention of the public, and particularly of amateurs, it may not be uninteresting to a portion of the readers of *The Times* to be informed of the variations in prices that many of them have undergone in the several sales through which they have passed. The enormous sums that many brought at the late sale excited surprise among the best acquainted with such matters, and astonishment in the minds of persons not accustomed to picture-dealing. The causes that conducted to enhance the value are not the object of this communication, else much might be said on that topic; but whatever they were, an increased desire to possess genuine works of the old masters, especially of the Dutch school, will be apparent by the following statement:—

As first in rank, the compliment is due to Rubens to begin with lot 38, "The study for the elevation of the Cross," at Antwerp. For the large finished picture he received 334*l.*; the study, on paper, sold for 750 guineas. Lot 42, "A View from the Shore," by Backhuysen, sold in Le Brun's sale, in 1794, for 66*l.*; on the present occasion it brought 515 guineas. Lot 46, "La Quenouille à filet," by Karil du Jardin, sold in 1777 for 58*l.*; in this sale for 360 guineas. Lot 48, "Les Petits Canards," by J. Ruysdael, passed through four sales in the course of fourteen years, and varied in price from 52*l.* to 24*l.*; it also brought 360 guineas. Lot 94, "A View of

Dordt," by A. Cuyp, passed through three sales in fourteen years, the last being in 1791, and varied in price from 36*l.* to 56*l.*; now it obtained 1,060*l.* 10*s.* Lot 100, "Le Ménage Hollandais," by A. Ostade, was sold in three sales in nine years, the last being in 1802, and varied in price from 400*l.* to 340*l.*; it was knocked down at 1,386*l.* Lot 102, "A View near Haarlem," by P. Potter, sold in 1777 for 97*l.*, in 1780 for 128*l.*, now for 800 guineas. Lot 106, "A Storm and Shipwreck," attributed to W. Vander Velde, sold in 1787 for 52*l.*; in the late sale for 493*l.* 10*s.* Lot 110, "Le Coup de Canon," by W. Vander Velde, sold in the last ascertained sale in 1783 for 148*l.*; on this occasion for 1,449*l.* Lot 114, "Peasants passing a ford," by Hobbema, sold in Sir G. Yoange's sale for 400*l.*, in Mr. Dent's for 740*l.*, and in Mr. Harman's for 1,942*l.* 10*s.* Lot 115, "Eneas visiting Helenus," by Claude, varied in price in four previous sales from 80*l.* to 396*l.*; at Mr. Hope's sale in 1816, it brought 260*l.*, in this sale 1,837*l.* 10*s.*

Such are a few instances of the increased value of pictures by old masters that this sale exhibited, which will no doubt rejoice the hearts of those who possess fine specimens, and probably be often quoted hereafter by picture-dealers, gentle and simple, as standards of value. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant, S.

SALE OF EGYPTIAN IDOLS, ETRUSCAN VASES, AND OTHER ANTIQUITIES.—On Tuesday, at one o'clock, a sale by auction was proceeded with at No. 38, King-street, Covent-garden, of the valuable property of the late Mr. W. TILL, consisting of Etruscan Vases, Mosaics, Egyptian Idols, &c. &c., being a collection of many years' research. There were several gentlemen present, who bought largely, and a very active competition was carried on for the various articles, as they were severally put up. Among the lots, of which they were 194, were a double-handled Etruscan vase, ten inches high, beautifully ornamented with figures back and front, 1*l.* 10*s.*; a South American order and one other, 3*l.* 4*s.*; a small model of the tomb of the Knights Templars, found in the Temple church, the figures about four inches long, 2*l.*; a fine Etruscan bronze vase, with handle, on stand, ten inches high, from Lucien Buonaparte's collection, 1*l.* 18*s.*; an Etruscan bronze jug, with handle, from ditto, 1*l.* 7*s.*; two large Etruscan vases, with two handles, and cover, beautifully ornamented with figures, sixteen inches high, 7*l.* 16*s.*; a very fine bronze figure of Ceres, on Sienna marble pedestal, 4*l.* 5*s.*; three Egyptian idols in stone, two of them covered with hieroglyphics, 1*l.*; two Etruscan lamps, very perfect, 1*l.* 6*s.* There were also a very fine Scarabeus, several necklaces from mummies in the tombs of Egypt, an antique bronze bust from Pompeii, a cup from the piles of Old London Bridge, a number of Egyptian idols, some with hieroglyphics, bronze mirrors, Egyptian funeral tablets with hieroglyphical inscriptions on stone, Indian idols, Chinese figures, &c.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DIORAMA.

A new picture has recently been added to this delightful exhibition, to which we ought ere now to have called the attention of our readers. It is an interior view of the *Cathedral of St. Ouen*, at Rouen. It is first seen at mid-day, the sun-light streaming through the painted windows, and so perfect is the deception, that it is difficult to feel assured that it is not a building into which the astonished spectator is gazing. Gradually this changes to twilight, then to night; the moonbeams throw the hues of the glass upon the pillars; the candles are lighted, the floor is thronged with worshippers; the statues of the saints above the pillars are thrown into relief so perfectly that their roundness may be measured. Then the organ peals, and a fine mass is played. The whole effect is nothing less than wonderful, and it is with a sense of regret that we are turned from it, though it is to look on the scarcely less beautiful picture of the *Notre Dame at Paris*, of which we some time ago gave our readers a very minute description. Again let us earnestly recommend the visitor to town during the season not to fail on any account to see the Diorama. To our taste it is the most interesting exhibition in London, and it is unique.

DEATH.

On May the 14th, at Westfield Lodge, near Bath, J. S. Duncan, LL.D., formerly a Fellow of New College, Oxford. A gentleman highly esteemed and distinguished there and at Bath for his benevolent exertions in the cause of charity, his amiable disposition, his devotion to literary pursuits, and the study of natural history.

GLEANINGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

ANCIENT RUINS IN TEXAS.—We have been informed by a gentleman who has traversed a large portion of the Indian country of Northern Texas, and the country lying between Santa Fé and the Pacific, that there are vestiges of ancient cities and ruined castles or temples on the Rio Puerco and on the Colorado of the West. He says, that on one of the branches of the Rio Puerco, a few days' travel from Santa Fé, there is an immense pile of ruins that appear to belong to an ancient temple. Portions of the walls are still standing, consisting of huge blocks of limestone regularly hewn, and laid in cement. The building occupies an extent of more than an acre. It is two or three stories high, has no roof, but contains many rooms, generally of a square form, without windows, and the lower rooms are so dark and gloomy, that they resemble caverns rather than the apartments of an edifice built for human habitation. Our informant was unable to describe the style of architecture, but he believes it could not have been erected by Spaniards or Europeans, as the stones are much worn by the rains, and indicate that the building has stood several hundred years. From this description we are induced to believe that it resembles the ruins of Palenque or Utulun. He says there are many similar ruins on the Colorado of the West, which empties into the Californian Sea. In one of the valleys of the Cordilleras traversed by this river, and about 400 miles from its mouth, there is a large temple still standing, its walls and spires presenting scarcely any trace of dilapidation, and were it not for the want of a roof, it might still be rendered habitable. Near it, scattered along the declivity of a mountain, are the ruins of what must have been once a large city. The traces of a large aqueduct, part of which is, however, in the solid rock, are still visible. Neither the Indians residing in the vicinity, nor the oldest Spanish settlers of the nearest settlements, can give any account of the origin of these buildings. They merely know that they have stood there from the earliest periods to which their traditions extend. The antiquary, who is desirous to trace the Aztec or Toltec races in their migrations from the northern regions of America, may find in these ancient edifices many subjects of curious speculation.—*Simmonds's Colonial Magazine*.

THE LATE MR. BECKFORD.—A few particulars respecting this extraordinary man, from one who, during the last five years, had frequent access to him, may not at the present moment be uninteresting. For nearly half a century Mr. Beckford had withdrawn himself from society, and lived in a state of voluntary seclusion, as complete as that of one of the old hermits in the desert. "Solitude," says Lamar-tine, in his account of Lady Hester Stanhope (a woman for whom, by the way, Mr. Beckford had the greatest reverence)—"solitude concentrates and strengthens all the faculties of the mind,—prophets, saints, great men, and poets have wonderfully understood this; and their dispositions naturally incline them to seek for it in deserts, or to isolate themselves in the midst of their fellow-men." This was the case with Mr. Beckford. Few, with the exception of his own family, and some people of talent, ever approached him; in truth, he was perfectly inaccessible. It may well be questioned whether any individual ever united greater knowledge and taste in all the sister arts. Born with mental powers superior to the generality of mankind, these powers were early developed by the fostering care of the first professors in the kingdom; Mozart was his music-master, Sir W. Chambers instructed him in architecture; and an eminent painter of the day taught him the rudiments of drawing. It will scarcely be believed, that many justly admired airs were originally his composition, and improved on by Mozart and other great composers of the time. I have seen drawings done nearly seventy years ago (sketches from nature of Italian scenery), which for correctness and delicacy would not have been unworthy a regular artist. He designed almost every building and piece of furniture that he possessed. A few years ago an eminent architect shewed him a plan of a public building. After the interview he told me his astonishment at Mr. Beckford's knowledge of the art. "I should have thought him," said he, "a regular architect: when he saw the ground plans, he told me in a moment the intended size of all the apartments." He understood thoroughly Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Arabic; and conversed in many of these languages. His writings in French are so admirable in style and idiom, that *Vathek* was long considered the work of a Frenchman. The episodes of that singular tale excited such curiosity in the mind of Lord Byron, that he offered (though then in Italy) to meet the author half-way, if Mr. Beckford would gratify him with the perusal of the original manuscript. He wrote poetry in the energetic and nervous manner of Milton; and much of his prose contains the very essence of poetry. His collection of pictures contained selections of the works of almost every painter

of eminence in all ages; and his judgment as to the originality of pictures was that of a regular dealer, and not a mere connoisseur. His house was one vast library; and there was scarcely a book that was not full of remarks in his own writing. In conversing with him it was impossible to mention any work of repute but he knew all about it, and could instantly tell where it was in any part of the house. His conversation was full of anecdotes of the great people and distinguished characters that have flourished in the last century. You were startled at stories about Voltaire, Mirabeau, Neckar, Madame de Stael, Egalité, Madame Beauharnais (afterwards Empress Josephine), Gainsborough, West, Reynolds, and others of note, with whom he was in habits of intimacy. Every thing he uttered, if copied down, would have read well; his writings published were exactly like his conversation. Mr. Beckford's taste in painting was formed from contemplation of the glorious works of the old masters. This correct taste disgusted him with the daring eccentricities of the moderns; but he was not insensible to the genius of many of our living artists. Of late years he had added to his precious collection many of the works of Roberts, Landseer, Etty, Lee, Barker, Cope, Lance, and others; and his death may be considered a loss to living art, for wherever he observed genius he revered it. Such was Mr. Beckford, whose daughter is a mother in the princely house of Hamilton; and who before he died saw his grandson united to the daughter of a sovereign German house, the Princess Mary of Baden; yet in dress and exterior so plain and unostentatious, that in the streets of this polite city he might have passed for a country farmer. —*Bath Herald*.

THE ORIGINAL MSS. OF THE CLARINDA CORRESPONDENCE.—Those interesting memorials of Burns were sold yesterday at Messrs. C. B. Tait and Co.'s rooms, Hanover-street. The attendance was numerous, and the spirited competition which took place fully shewed the great interest attached to those relics of Scotland's greatest poet. As specimens of the prices, the letter, No. 64 of the recent publication, containing the "Lament of Queen Mary," brought 5l. 5s.; No. 65 brought 1l. 16s.; No. 66 brought 1l. 11s.; No. 69 brought 1l. 10s.; and the others brought corresponding prices. —*Scotsman*.

DR. WOLFF'S MISSION.—The *Times* quotes the following interesting paragraph from the *Agra Ukhbar* of March 3rd.—"We have just, at a late hour, received a piece of intelligence which we lay before our readers without note or comment. Our Lahore correspondent mentions to us as a fact on which every reliance can be placed, that Dost Mahomed had sent intelligence to Colonel Richmond, that both Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly are alive."

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE AMERICAN STATES.—Maine was so called as early as 1638, from Maine in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor. New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason, by patent, Nov. 7, 1639, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England. Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their declaration of independence, January 16, 1777, from the French *verd*, green, and *mont*, mountain. Massachusetts from a tribe of Indians in the neighbourhood of Boston. The tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton: "I have learned," says Roger Williams, "that Massachusetts was so called from the Blue Hills." Rhode Island was named in 1644, in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river. New York in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted. Pennsylvania was named, in 1681, after William Penn. Delaware, in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord De La War, who died in this bay. Maryland, in honour of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632. Virginia was named, in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England. Carolina, by the French in 1564, in honour of King Charles IX. of France. Georgia, in 1772, in honour of King George III. Alabama, in 1817, from its principal river. Mississippi, in 1800, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote Kie, whole river, that is, the river formed by the union of many. Louisiana, so called in honour of Louis XVI. of France. Tennessee, in 1796, from its principal river; the word Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon. Kentucky, in 1782, from its principal river. Illinois, in 1809, from its principal river. The word is said to signify the river of men. Indiana, in 1802, from the American Indians. Ohio, in 1802, from its southern boundary. Missouri, in 1821, from its principal river. Michigan, named, in 1805, from the lake on its borders. Arkansas, in 1819, from its principal river. Florida was so called by Juan Ponce Le Leon, in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday; in Spanish, *Pascua Florida*. —*Simmonds's Colonial Magazine*.

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